



SPY-HUNTERS

AMERICA'S UNSUNG HEROES

in DARING ACTION...DEADLY INTRIGUE...GLAMOROUS ROMANCE!

10¢

Special
ALL-THRILL
NUMBER

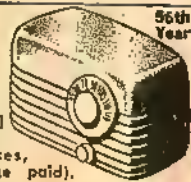




WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

GIVEN!

**ACT NOW
MAIL COUPON!**



56th Year

WE ARE RELIABLE!
Candid Cameras with Carrying Cases, Radios (sent postage paid). Mail coupon to start.



OUR 56th YEAR

Boys! Girls! Ladies! Men!



ACT NOW
56th YR.

Loveable Dolls over 15" high, Cub Fishing Outfits, Genuine 22 Cal. Rifles, Daisy Air Rifles (sent postage paid). Give pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25c a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with order to start. It's fun! Easy! We trust you'll Begin at once!

BE FIRST



Boys-Girls Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Mail coupon to start.

NO MONEY NOW

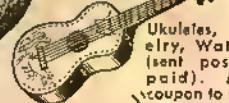
LOOK!

Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Baseballs, Bats (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash easily yours. To start, mail coupon for White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE and Pictures easily sold to friends, relatives, neighbors at 25c a box (with picture).



YOUR BIG CHANCE!

START TODAY!



Football, Basketball (sent postage paid). Mail coupon to start.

BIG CATALOG!

Alarm Clocks, Pen and Pencil Sets, Bibles, Billfolds, Telescopes, Roller Skates, Blankets, Aluminum Ware, Record Players, Movie Machines (sent postage paid). Rush coupon to start!

WE ARE RELIABLE

MAIL NOW!

Wilson Chem. Co. Dept. 27, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
Gentlemen: Please send me on trial 13 colorful art pictures with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

Name..... Age.....

St..... RD..... Box.....

Town..... Zone No..... State.....

PRINT LAST NAME HERE

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

JIM and BETTY FIND A NEW "TREASURE"



I'M TIRED OF PLAYING PIRATES! WE NEVER FIND ANY TREASURE ANYWAY-



ME TOO!

HI, KIDS! LOOKIT TH' SWELL NEW WATCH I EARNED, SELLING WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE!



-AN' I'M WORKING FOR A BIKE NOW! SAY, BETTY, THAT BEATS DIGGING FOR PIRATE TREASURE! LET'S SEND IN THOSE COUPONS!



A FEW DAYS LATER JIM AND BETTY ARE BUSY SELLING WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE.....

GOLLY! THIS SALVE SURE SELLS FAST! NOW LETS CALL ON MRS. BROWN -



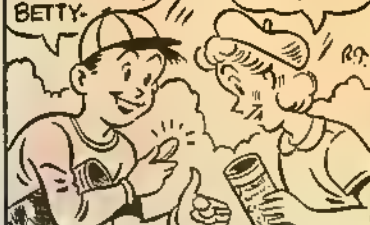
IT'S FUN!

-AND WITH EACH PURCHASE OF WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE, YOU GET A BEAUTIFUL ART PICTURE!



GEE! SHE BOUGHT 2 BOXES! YOU'LL HAVE YOUR DOLL IN NO TIME, BETTY.

-AND YOU'LL SOON HAVE YOUR FOOTBALL, JIM-



YES, KIDS, IT'S EASY TO EARN THESE PREMIUMS! TO START, JUST MAIL IN THIS COUPON--





THE SERRA FORMOSA IS A TANGLED TABLELAND LOST IN THE SPRAWLING IMMENSITY OF THE BRAZILIAN JUNGLE -- ONE OF THE FEW PLACES IN THE WORLD YOU'D EXPECT TO FIND UNTOUCHED BY COMMUNIST SCHEMES FOR CONQUEST AND DOMINATION! BUT EVEN HERE, THE FAMILIAR RED PATTERN IS AT WORK -- UNTIL SLIM TREMAINE FINDS A COUNTERSTROKE IN THE BRAZILIAN BOMBSHELL!



WHAT A CHUMP I WAS TO CONTRACT FOR A ONE-MAN SURVEY OF THIS AREA -- LOOKING FOR NEW TYPES OF RUBBER TREES! THE INDIANS ARE SO UNPREDICTABLE THAT I CAN NEVER TELL WHEN THEY'RE AFTER A DAY'S WORK, AND WHEN THEY'RE AFTER MY HEAD -- BUT RIGHT NOW, I'D DO HANDSPRINGS TO SEE EVEN THEM!



SUDDENLY --

OOPS! PROBABLY JUST AN INDIAN HUNTING WITH A BORROWED RIFLE -- BUT I'D BETTER MAKE SURE I DON'T FALL UNDER THE HEADING OF GAME!

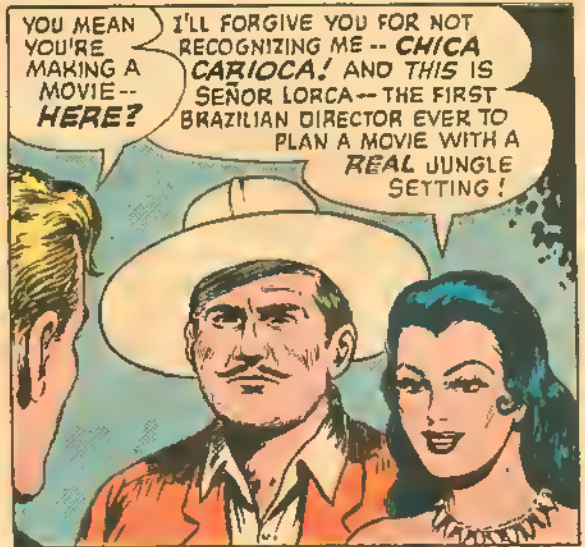
BANG! BANG!

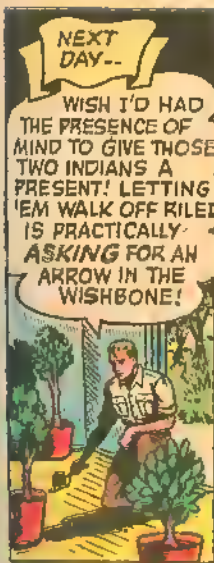


A HUNDRED YARDS BEYOND --

YAAHOOD!

HOLY MACKEREL!





NEXT DAY--

WISH I'D HAD THE PRESENCE OF MIND TO GIVE THOSE TWO INDIANS A PRESENT! LETTING 'EM WALK OFF KILED IS PRACTICALLY ASKING FOR AN ARROW IN THE WISHBONE!



UNEXPECTEDLY --

OH, BROTHER-- SPEAKING OF ARROWS--



GOTCHA!

OOH!



IS THAT THE WAY YOU AMERICANS SAY HELLO? LORCA AND THE OTHERS ARE OUT SHOOTING BACKGROUND SCENES-- AND I THOUGHT I'D SEE WHAT YOU WERE DOING!

MY GOSH, SWEETHEART-- YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME OUT ALONE! THE JUNGLE ISN'T SAFE!



IN THAT CASE-- WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

RESEARCH FOR A TIRE MANUFACTURER! SIX MONTHS AGO, I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE PARADISE -- BUT I'VE LOST A LOT OF HALF-BAKED IDEAS I USED TO HAVE ABOUT THE JUNGLE!



IN FACT, THE ONE BANG I'VE HAD IN THE SERRA FORMOSA WAS THAT GLIMPSE OF YOUR COSTUME!

YES? IF YOU HAON'T MENTIONED THAT NONSENSE ABOUT THE JUNGLE BEING DANGEROUS -- I'D BE WILLING TO SLIP BACK TO CAMP AND PUT IT ON!



BANG! BANG!

YAAA-HOO!



IT'S NOTHING, SLIM! LORCA'S PROBABLY RECORDING A FEW SOUND EFFECTS!

HOPE SO, HONEY-- BECAUSE THOSE WAR WHOOFS MEAN BUSINESS!



A MOMENT LATER--

SLIM--IT'S AWFUL! THOSE SAVAGES NOT ONLY GRABBED LORCA AND HIS ASSISTANTS-- BUT THEY TOOK SOME OF THE EQUIPMENT, TOO!

YEP--AND THIS SURVEYOR'S TRANSIT IS ONE OF THE THINGS THEY DIDN'T TAKE! KIND OF STRANGE EQUIPMENT FOR A MOVIE COMPANY TO CARRY!

THAT'S NOT WHAT MATTERS NOW! ISN'T THERE SOMETHING WE CAN DO TO HELP?

WITH A SINGLE GUN? BABY, I'M AFRAID OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO GO DOWN RIVER TO THE ARMY POST AT ROSARIO!



SOON AFTERWARD --

I MET HIM CHICA -- HOW'D YOU MANAGE TO GET TIED UP WITH LORCA?

AT HIS REHTED HOME IN ROSARIO JUST A FEW WEEKS AGO! HE WAS AWAITING HIS PERMIT TO ENTER THE SERRA FORMOSA COUNTRY TO MAKE THE MOVIE--AND WHEN HE SUGGESTED I TAKE THE LEADING ROLE, I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE ADVENTUROUS!



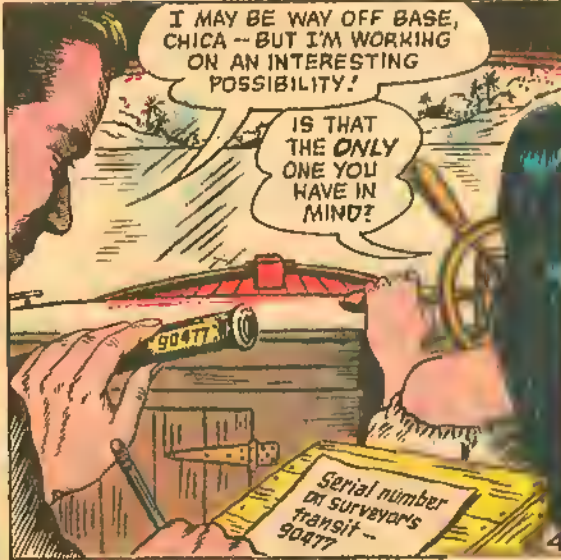
YOU'VE BEEN IN PICTURES FOR SEVERAL YEARS, HONEY -- AND IF LORCA REALLY IS A DIRECTOR, DON'T YOU THINK IT'S STRANGE YOU NEVER MET HIM BEFORE?

BUT, SLIM -- WHAT ELSE COULD HE BE?



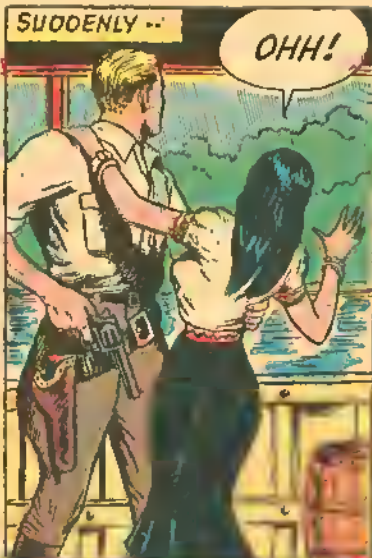
I MAY BE WAY OFF BASE, CHICA -- BUT I'M WORKING ON AN INTERESTING POSSIBILITY!

IS THAT THE ONLY ONE YOU HAVE IN MIND?



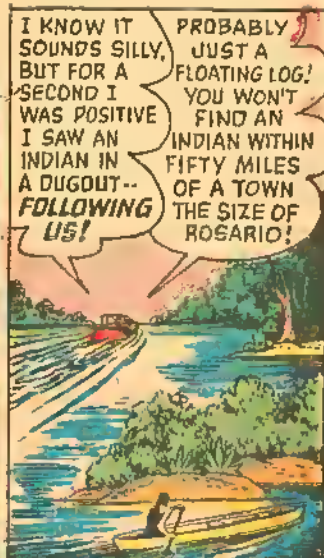


ARE YOU KIDDING?



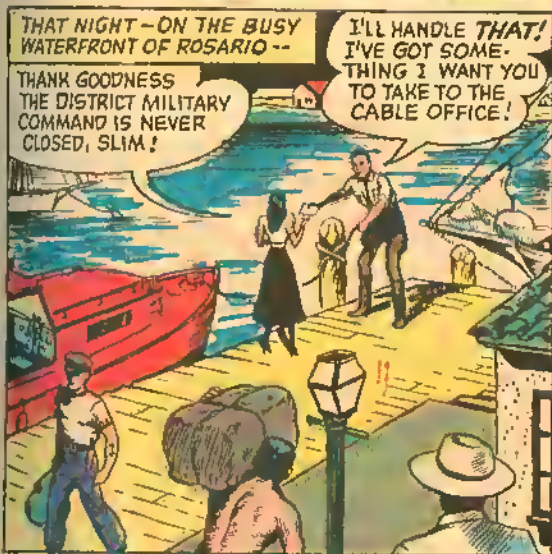
SUDDENLY --

OHH!



I KNOW IT SOUNDS SILLY, BUT FOR A SECOND I WAS POSITIVE I SAW AN INDIAN IN A DUGOUT-- FOLLOWING US!

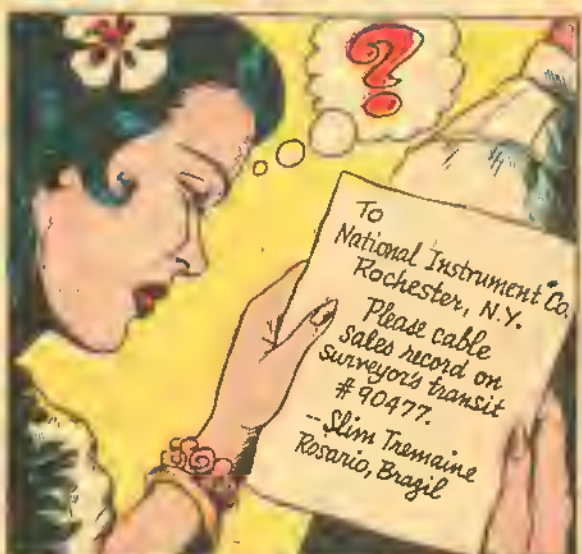
PROBABLY JUST A FLOATING LOG! YOU WON'T FIND AN INDIAN WITHIN FIFTY MILES OF A TOWN THE SIZE OF ROSARIO!



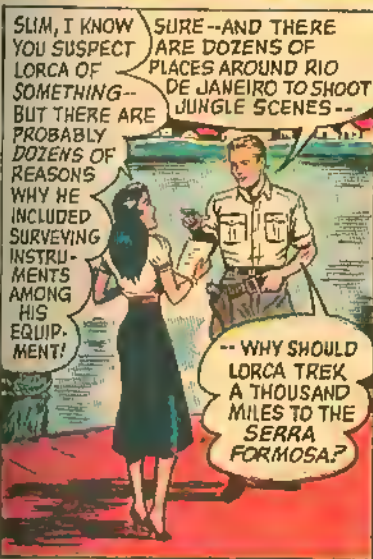
THAT NIGHT--ON THE BUSY WATERFRONT OF ROSARIO--

THANK GOODNESS THE DISTRICT MILITARY COMMAND IS NEVER CLOSED, SLIM!

I'LL HANDLE THAT! I'VE GOT SOMETHING I WANT YOU TO TAKE TO THE CABLE OFFICE!



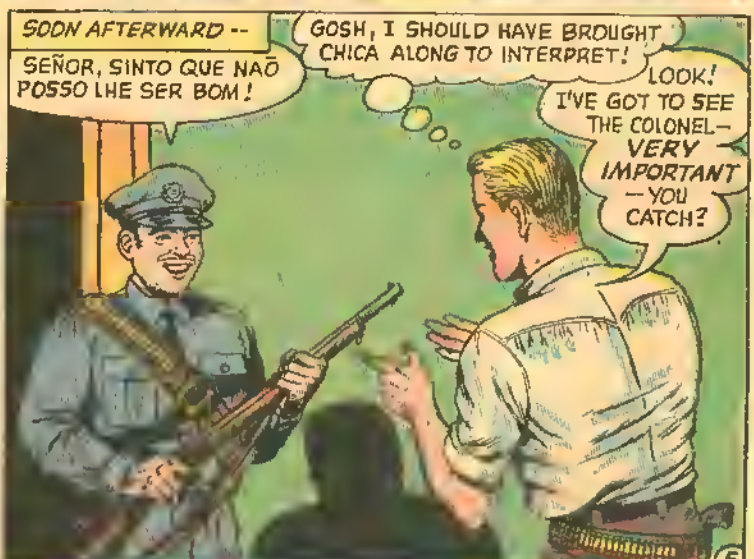
To
National Instrument Co.
Rochester, N.Y.
Please cable
sales record on
Surveyor's transit
90477.
-- Slim Tremaine
Rosario, Brazil



SLIM, I KNOW YOU SUSPECT LORCA OF SOMETHING-- BUT THERE ARE PROBABLY DOZENS OF REASONS WHY HE INCLUDED SURVEYING INSTRUMENTS AMONG HIS EQUIPMENT!

SURE--AND THERE ARE DOZENS OF PLACES AROUND RIO DE JANEIRO TO SHOOT JUNGLE SCENES--

-- WHY SHOULD LORCA TREK A THOUSAND MILES TO THE SERRA FORMOSA?



SODN AFTERWARD --

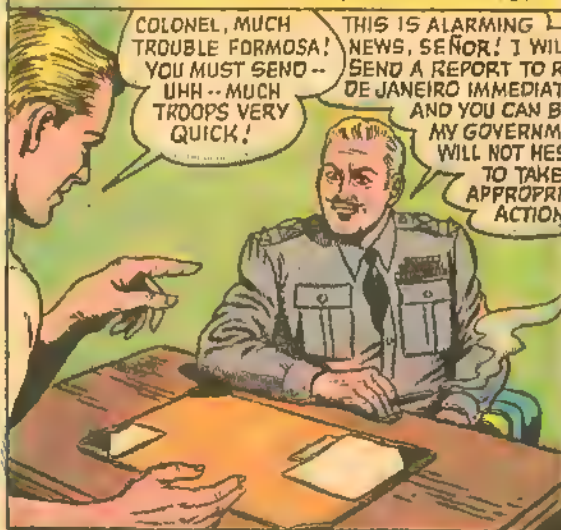
SEÑOR, SINTO QUE NAO POSSO LHE SER BOM!

GOSH, I SHOULD HAVE BROUGHT CHICA ALONG TO INTERPRET!

LOOK!

I'VE GOT TO SEE THE COLONEL-- VERY IMPORTANT-- YOU CATCH?

A MOMENT LATER -- IN MANGLED PORTUGUESE--



COLONEL, MUCH TROUBLE FORMOSA! YOU MUST SEND -- UHH -- MUCH TROOPS VERY QUICK!

THIS IS ALARMING NEWS, SENOR! I WILL SEND A REPORT TO RIO DE JANEIRO IMMEDIATELY-- AND YOU CAN BE SURE MY GOVERNMENT WILL NOT HESITATE TO TAKE APPROPRIATE ACTION!

I'VE SENT THE CABLE OFF, SLIM! WHAT ABOUT THE SOLDIERS?

WELL, I HAD A LITTLE TROUBLE MAKING MYSELF UNDERSTOOD-- BUT I'M PRETTY SURE TROOPS WILL BE SENT UP TO THE SERRA FORMOSA IN TIME TO SAVE LORCA AND HIS PALS!



MEANWHILE -- WE'VE GOT A FEW HOURS TO KILL BEFORE WE GET AN ANSWER TO THAT CABLE! GOT ANY SUGGESTIONS, CHICA?

THERE'S AN IDEA, SLIM! THAT SMALL THEATER IS SHOWING ONE OF MY PICTURES!

OH, COME ON! DON'T YOU WANT TO SEE THE WAY I LOOK ON THE SCREEN!

SURE -- JUST AS LONG AS IT ISN'T ONE OF THOSE OPEN AIR PLACES, WHERE WE'D GET CHEWED UP BY MOSQUITOES!



SILLY--THERE AREN'T ANY MOSQUITOES THIS TIME OF YEAR!

BABY, I'M TELLING YOU! ONE JUST WHIZZED PAST MY EAR -- AND HE SOUNDED LIKE A WHOPPER!

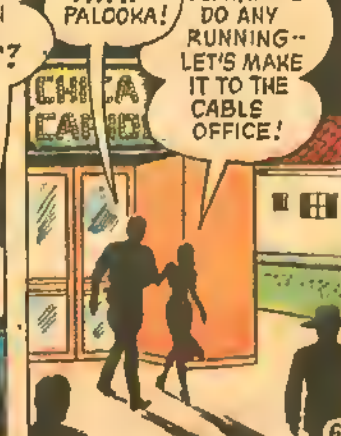
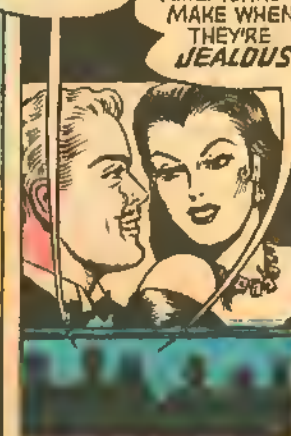
TWO HOURS LATER --

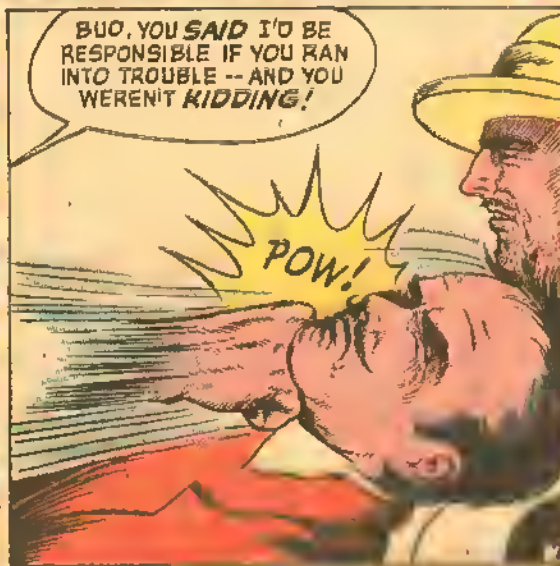
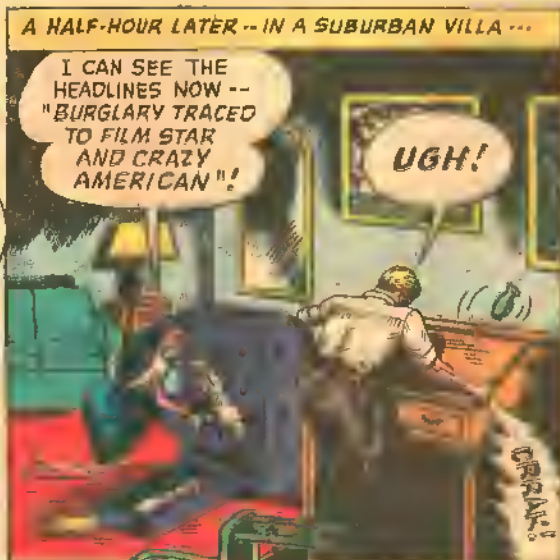
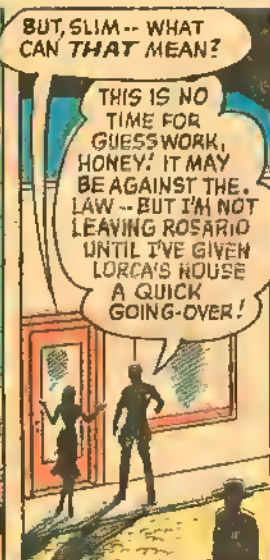
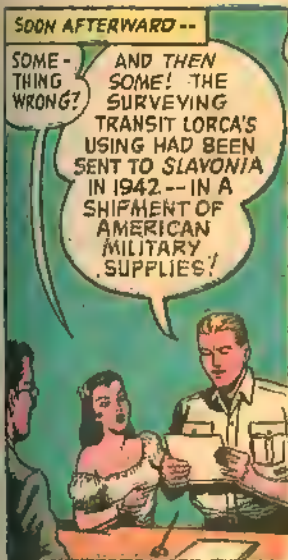
PHOOEY!

WHY, SLIM -- IS THAT THE NOISE AMERICANS MAKE WHEN THEY'RE JEALOUS?

NONSENSE! I DON'T CLAIM TO BE AN ACTOR -- BUT I COULD RUN RINGS AROUND THAT PALOOKA!

SLIM, IF WE DO ANY RUNNING-- LET'S MAKE IT TO THE CABLE OFFICE!







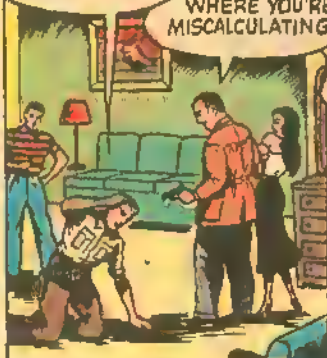
YOU COMMIES MUST BE SHORT OF PLACES WORTH GRABBING, LORCA -- WHEN YOU'RE INTERESTED IN A HUNK OF WILDERNESS LIKE THE SERRA FORMOSA!

AHA -- **THAT'S** WHERE YOU'RE MISCALCULATING!

IN THE EVENT OF A WORLD WAR, SOUTH AMERICA WILL BE OF GREAT STRATEGIC VALUE -- AND THE SERRA FORMOSA IS THE **ONLY** SPOT ON THE CONTINENT THAT'S WITHIN MEDIUM BOMBER RANGE OF EVERY CAPITAL IN SOUTH AMERICA! THAT'S WHY WE'VE SURVEYED THE AREA -- WHILE PRETENDING TO WORK ON A JUNGLE MOVIE!

WHEN IT CAME TIME TO APPLY FOR A PERMIT-- I DECIDED THAT HIRING A WELL-KNOWN STAR LIKE CHICA WOULD MAKE MY STORY ABOUT A JUNGLE PICTURE ALL THE MORE CONVINCING!

YOU COULDN'T HAVE FOUND IT **THAT** EASY TO CONVINCE THOSE INDIANS, RAT! HOW'D YOU MANAGE TO **ESCAPE?**

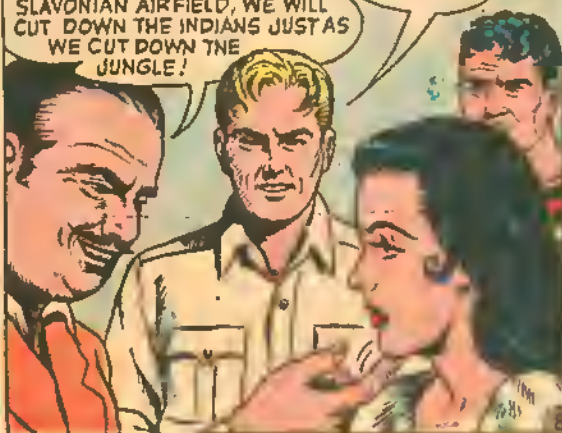


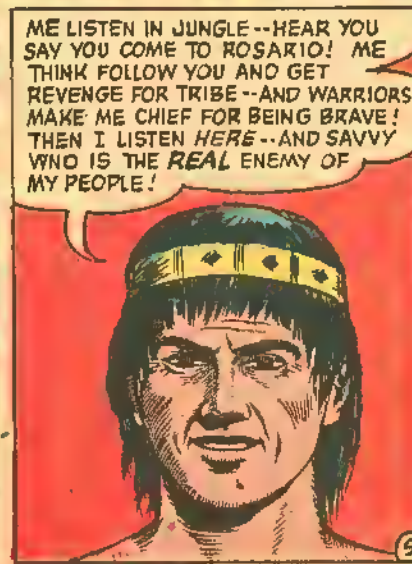
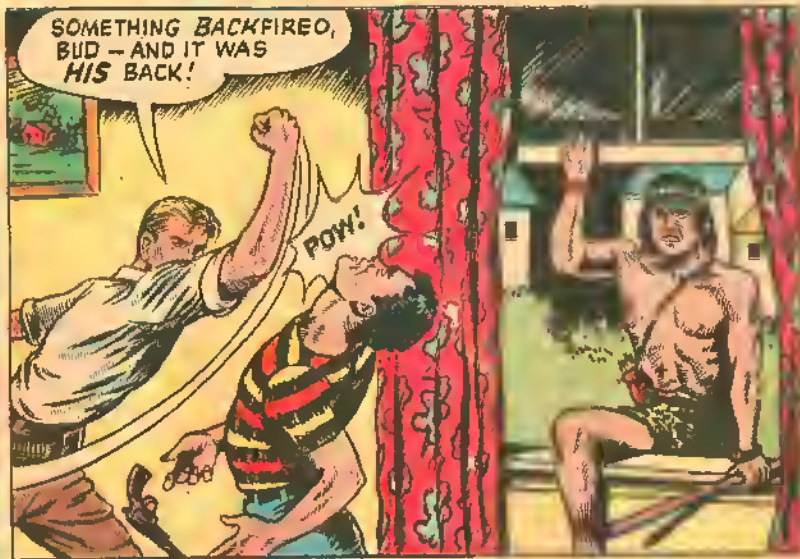
I MERELY PROVED THAT **YOU** WERE THEIR REAL ENEMY -- BY RUNNING OFF SEVERAL FRAMES SHOWING YOUR SCUFFLE WITH THE TWO WARRIORS! ONCE WE ASSURED THE INDIANS OF OUR FRIENDSHIP, WE MADE GOOD USE OF OUR TIME -- MAPPING THE VILLAGE AND ESTIMATING ITS FIGHTING STRENGTH!

YOU MEAN YOU PLAN TO USE THE INDIANS AS **ALLIES?**

PRIMITIVE SAVAGES LIKE THEM-- UNABLE TO READ EVEN A WORD OF MARX? NO, MY PIGEON-- ONCE WE SEIZE THE SERRA FORMOSA FOR USE AS A SLAVONIAN AIRFIELD, WE WILL CUT DOWN THE INDIANS JUST AS WE CUT DOWN THE JUNGLE!

YOU'VE GOT IT ALL FIGURED, LORCA -- EVERYTHING BUT THE SLIP-UPS!







HOLY SMOKE -- I JUST REMEMBERED HAVING ASKED THE MILITARY COMMAND TO SEND TROOPS TO THE SERRA FORMOSA! YOU'VE GOT TO SEE THAT THEY CALL OFF THE PLAY, CHICA -- BEFORE THOSE INDIANS GET THE BUSINESS!



I CAN'T FACE THE COLONEL AFTER MAKING SUCH A BLUNDER -- YOU'D BETTER SEE HIM ALONE!

OH, SLIM -- SUPPOSE THEY SENT PLANES? SUPPOSE THEY'RE BOMBING THOSE POOR INDIANS?



HO! HO!

HA HA HA!

ARE THEY REALLY LAUGHING -- OR IS THAT A CASE OF TWO-WAY HYSTERIC?

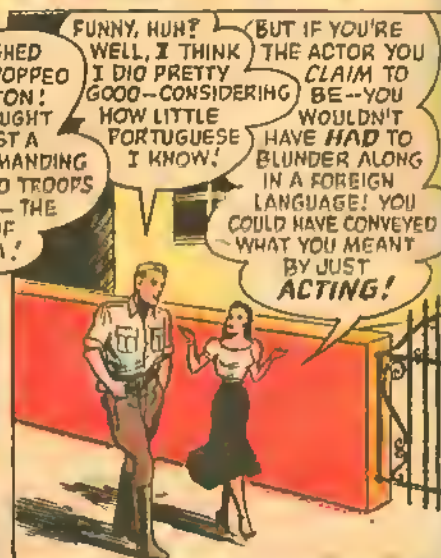
CORONEL DA SILVA

COMANDANTE



FOR THE LOVE OF PETE, CHICA -- DON'T KEEP ME IN SUSPENSE! WERE THERE ANY CASUALTIES?

YES -- THE COLONEL LAUGHED SO HARD HE POPPED A SHIRT BUTTON! SLIM, HE THOUGHT YOU WERE JUST A WILD YAHKEE DEMANDING THAT BRAZIL SEND TROOPS TO FORMOSA -- THE ISLAND OF FORMOSA!



FUNNY, HUH?

WELL, I THINK I DID PRETTY GOOD -- CONSIDERING HOW LITTLE PORTUGUESE I KNOW!

BUT IF YOU'RE THE ACTOR YOU CLAIM TO BE -- YOU WOULDN'T HAVE HAD TO BLUNDER ALONG IN A FOREIGN LANGUAGE! YOU COULD HAVE CONVEYED WHAT YOU MEANT BY JUST ACTING!



O.K. -- I'LL PROVE IT!



SLIM, THAT WAS WONDERFUL -- BUT JUST WHAT WERE YOU TRYING TO PROVE?

DIDN'T I SAY I COULD RUN RINGS AROUND THAT PALOOKA? WELL, BABY -- I ESPECIALLY MEANT THAT TORCHY SCENE AT THE END OF THE PICTURE!

THE END.

the "POPSICLE" TWINS HELP THE SHERIFF

TESS AND TIM CAPTURE
THE BANK ROBBERS

THIS
"POPSICLE"
CANDID CAMERA'S
A HONEY!

TIM—
THOSE
MEN!

BANK
ROBBERS!

LONE CITY BANK

I GOT
'EM IN MY
VIEWFINDER!

WE'LL GET IT
DEVELOPED
AT THE
DRUGSTORE!

HERE'S A
PICTURE OF
THOSE BANK
ROBBERS!

WHY, THEY'RE
HOLDING THOSE
VARMINTS AT
DEADWOOD--
KIDS, YOU GOT YOUR
SELF A REWARD!

YOU TWINS
WON AN
EXCITING
REWARD!

YOU CAN
GET LOTS OF
REWARDING
GIFTS BY SAY-
ING "POPSICLE"
BAGS WITH THE
POLKA DOTS!

Popsicle Pete

GET SWELL GIFTS--SAVE BAGS WITH POLKA DOTS!

Look for the "POPSICLE" logo on the wrapper of the "POPSICLE" candy. "SAVE THESE BAGS FOR GIFTS"



#24 CANDID CAMERA

New candid camera with view-finder. Snapshots or time exposures. 16 photos per roll. Also takes color film. Easy to work.

525 BAGS or \$1.10 & 25 BAGS

#34 STRING OF PEARLS

Exotic string of simulated pearls. 17" long with fashionable clasp.

80 BAGS or 20¢ & 10 BAGS

#5 SNAKE CHARMER RING

3 coiled snakes each with glowing eyes. A lucky charm that fits any finger.

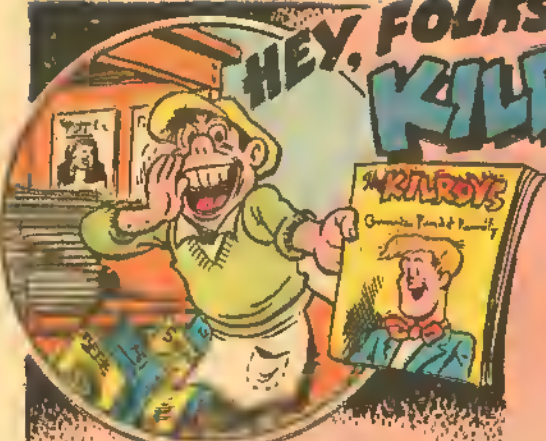
50 BAGS or 15¢ & 10 BAGS

GET THESE VALUABLE GIFTS and many more...ask for GIANT GIFT LIST...FREE

at your Ice Cream Store or write to "POPSICLE PETE" at address nearest you

Address: "POPSICLE PETE"
Dept. 1 — P.O. Box 678
New York 46, N.Y.
2744 East 11 St., Los Angeles 10, Cal.
313 N. Highland Ave., N.E., Atlanta, Ga.

HEY, FOLKS! KILROY IS HERE!



... IN THE GAYEST, GIDDIEST,
GREATEST COMICS MAGAZINE
YOU'VE EVER READ! IT'S

The KILROYS

... THAT NEW, NOVEL TEEN-AGE
FUNFEST THAT MAKES LIFE WORTH
LAFFING! IT'S *The* KILROYS ...
AMERICA'S FUNNIEST FAMILY!

DON'T MISS
The KILROYS

...FEATURING NATCH, THE MOST
TERRIFIC TEENSTER IN TOWN!
GET YOUR COPY NOW...AND
START HOWLING! YOU'LL LIVE
WITH KILROY...LAUGH WITH
KILROY...LOVE WITH KILROY!
IT'S ALL IN ...

The KILROYS
America's Funniest Family!



An
AMERICAN COMICS
GROUP MAGAZINE



Build A Fine Business In SPARE TIME!



SLIP
ON
SLIP
OFF

See MASON
EXCLUSIVE
FEATURE
COMFORT
SHOES

FREE SELLING
OUTFIT

AIR-COOLED
NYLON MESH
FAST SELLER

Just blow through mesh—take
easy orders for sensational Air-
Cooled slip-on style—PLUS over
155 other fine comfort shoes in
the 47 year old famous Mason line.

Make Big **MONEY**
From **FIRST HOUR!**

Men and women everywhere waiting to see and buy
exclusive Velvet-ox Air Cushion Insole shoes for
dress, work, sport wear! Fast relief from aching feet
brings plenty of REPEAT ORDERS! Send post
card now for FREE OUTFIT.

WE SHOW YOU HOW!

Everything you need to start furnished FREE! Who
to see—what to say—how to multiply orders—secrets
of successful selling all yours when you get this
line! Write today! State your age!

**Extra Income
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Add juicy commissions when you
sell jackets, shirts, raincoats to
men and women shoe customers.
Included in FREE OUTFIT.
Send your name, address, AGE
TODAY.



MASON **SHOE**
MFG. CO.

Dept. M-728, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

Excursion Into Fear



A boat excursion is ordinarily a happy, carefree affair -- except when insidious forces are at work to make it an excursion into **FEAR!** -- Here's a story of sinister espionage, with the very lifeline of the democracies at stake -- and a fast-thinking, fast-slugging American to carry the ball for **OUR** side!

OUR CASE OPENS IN THE ITALIAN HARBOR OF OTRANTO, ON THE ADRIATIC SEA...

OH, IT'S A **WONDERFUL** DAY FOR AN EXCURSION TO THE ISLAND OF CORFU, LENNIE -- AND WE'LL HAVE A **WONDERFUL TIME!**

ALL I WANT IS A QUIET, **RESTFUL** TIME, TERRY -- WITHOUT ANY **EXCITEMENT!**

HMM -- SOMEHOW I DON'T SEEM TO BE ABLE TO RELAX, THOUGH! MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE OF THAT STRANGE, **HARD-LOOKING** GROUP OF MEN OVER THERE -- THEY LOOK MORE LIKE **ALBANIANS** OR **SLAVS** THAN **ITALIANS!**

OH, YOU **AMERICANS** -- ALWAYS LOOKING FOR **SPIES** BEHIND EVERY **BUSH!** CAN'T YOU FORGET THE **COLD WAR** FOR ONE DAY -- AND TAKE LIFE **EASY** -- THE WAY WE **ITALIANS** DO?



I GUESS I **AM** A LITTLE TOO TENSE, TERRY -- PROBABLY BEEN WORKING TOO HARD! I'VE BEEN HOPPING AROUND ALL OVER ITALY FOR THE MARSHALL PLAN PROGRAM, INSPECTING THE HARBOR SUBMARINE PENS AND INSTALLATIONS THAT THE EX-FASCIST GOVERNMENT BUILT WHEN ITALY WAS ON THE SIDE OF THE AXIS-- AND IT'S NOT AN EASY JOB, TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO CONVERT THE SUB PENS TO PEACETIME USES!

BUT LET'S NOT TALK SHOP-- ALL I'LL THINK ABOUT THE MARSHALL PLAN IS WHAT LOVELY ITALIAN SECRETARIES THEY ASSIGN US VISITING AMERICAN ENGINEERS!

GOOD! THERE'S NO REASON WHY YOU SHOULDN'T RELAX AND ENJOY YOURSELF NOW-- THOSE HARD-LOOKING MEN SEEM TO HAVE DISAPPEARED!



OH, OH! SO MY FEELINGS ABOUT YOU BIRDS TURNED OUT TO BE RIGHT, EH?

THEY'RE HERDING ALL THE REST OF THE EXCURSIONISTS TOGETHER AT GUNPOINT LOOKS AS IF IT'S UP TO **ME!** THIS BUZZARD WHO'S GOT ME COVERED WON'T BE EXPECTING ANYTHING WHEN I'M **NOT LOOKING AT HIM!**

BUT, AN HOUR LATER...

SHOTS!

YES---AND FROM THE PILOT'S CABIN! I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!

BANG! BANG!

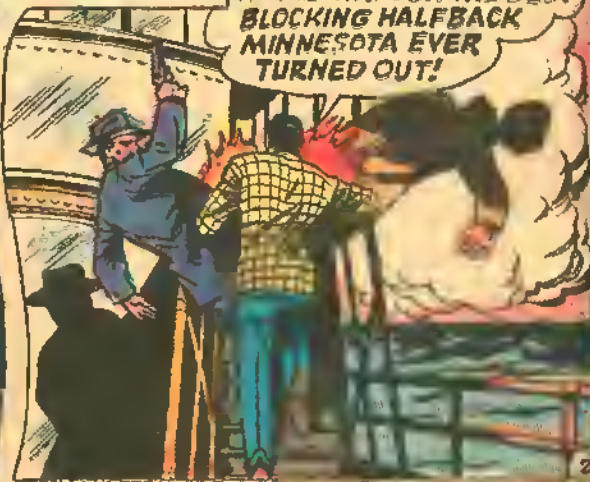


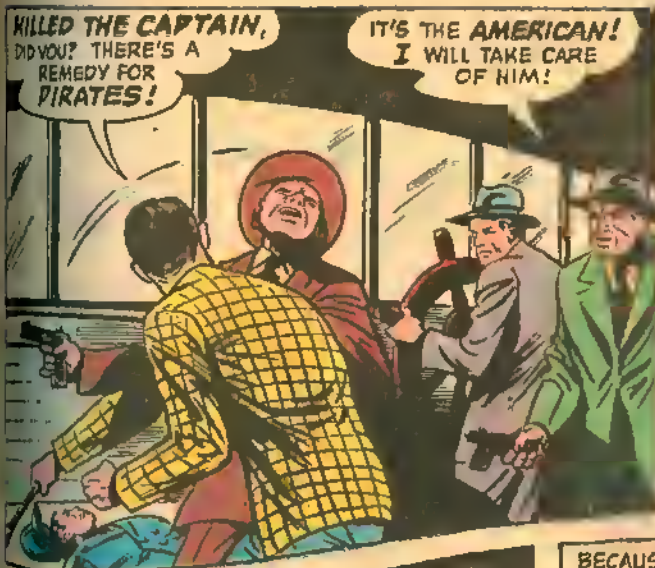
YOU GO **NOWHERE,** AMERICAN-- STAY WHERE YOU ARE!



THEN, WITH A POWERFUL BURST OF SPEED AND FORCE...

MAKE WAY FOR THE BEST BLOCKING HALFBACK MINNESOTA EVER TURNED OUT!



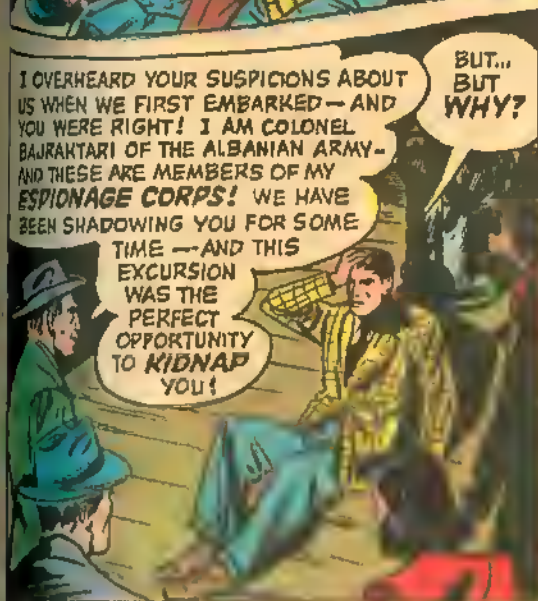


KILLED THE CAPTAIN,
DID YOU? THERE'S A
REMEDY FOR
PIRATES!

IT'S THE AMERICAN!
I WILL TAKE CARE
OF HIM!



SO! NOW YOU CAN THROW HIM
INTO THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS—
AND GET THE GIRL!



I OVERHEARD YOUR SUSPICIONS ABOUT
US WHEN WE FIRST EMBARKED—AND
YOU WERE RIGHT! I AM COLONEL
BAJRAKTARI OF THE ALBANIAN ARMY—
AND THESE ARE MEMBERS OF MY
ESPIONAGE CORPS! WE HAVE
BEEN SHADOWING YOU FOR SOME

BUT...
BUT
WHY?

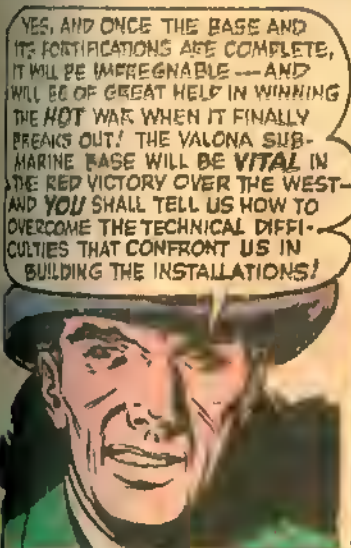
TIME—AND THIS
EXCURSION
WAS THE
PERFECT
OPPORTUNITY
TO KIDNAP
YOU!



BECAUSE WE KNOW YOU ARE
LEONARD CUMMINGS, AMERICAN TOP
ENGINEER ON SUBMARINE INSTALLATIONS—
AND BECAUSE WE ARE HAVING DIFFICULTIES
IN BUILDING OUR NEW SUBMARINE BASE IN
VALONA BAY—TO BE GUARDED
BY THE IMPREGNABLE ISLAND
FORTRESS OF SASSENDO!

BUT WHY
SHOULD A

SMALL COUNTRY
LIKE ALBANIA WANT
SUBS? YOUR RED
PUPPET GOVERNMENT
MUST HAVE BEEN
ORDERED TO BUILD
THE BASE BY YOUR
REAL RULERS—
BEHIND THE
IRON CURTAIN!

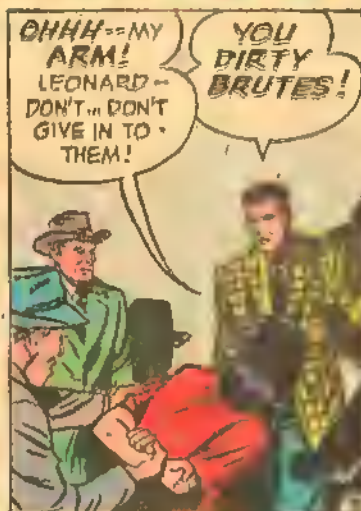


YES, AND ONCE THE BASE AND
ITS FORTIFICATIONS ARE COMPLETE,
IT WILL BE IMPREGNABLE—AND
WILL BE OF GREAT HELP IN WINNING
THE HOT WAR WHEN IT FINALLY
BREAKS OUT! THE VALONA SUB-
MARINE BASE WILL BE VITAL IN
THE RED VICTORY OVER THE WEST—
AND YOU SHALL TELL US HOW TO
OVERCOME THE TECHNICAL DIFFI-
CULTIES THAT CONFRONT US IN
BUILDING THE INSTALLATIONS!



THERE'S NOTHING
IN THE WORLD
THAT WOULD
MAKE ME
HELP YOU!

HOW WE WILL
SEE ABOUT
THAT—START
IN ON
HER!



OH—MY
ARM!
LEONARD—
DON'T GIVE IN TO
THEM!

YOU
DIRTY
BRUTES!

HELP!

LET HER GO!
I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY!

GOOD--
RELEASE THE GIRL!
YOU WILL NOT REGRET YOUR DECISION---
BECAUSE YOU WILL BOTH BE FREE TO RETURN TO ITALY AFTER YOU COMPLETE THIS JOB!

LATER, AFTER THE 50-MILE TRIP ACROSS THE STRAITS OF OTRANTO...

AH, WE ARE AHEAD OF SASSENO ISLAND! BRING THE AMERICAN OVER HERE--- SO HE CAN SEE FOR HIMSELF THE HEAVILY ARMED FORTRESS THAT GUARDS VALONA BAY--AND OUR FUTURE SUBMARINE BASE!

GREAT SCOTT! THAT PLACE IS A FORTRESS---AND THOSE BATTERIES OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS WOULD MAKE A SUBMARINE BASE IN THE BAY IMPREGNABLE! AND IF I HELPED THEM BUILD THAT BASE, I'D BE CAUSING INCALCULABLE HARM TO ALL THE DEMOCRACIES!

AND THEN ---THE TOWN OF VALONA!

YOU WILL BE WELL TAKEN CARE OF HERE--YOU WILL BOTH HAVE THE BEST CELLS IN THE LOCAL PRISON!

MMMM! I WONDER WHETHER THOSE PEASANTS ARE STARING SO SULLENLY AT US, OR AT THE RED SECRET POLICE! I'D GIVE A LOT TO KNOW NOW MUCH OF A RESISTANCE MOVEMENT THERE IS AGAINST THE RED ALBANIAN GOVERNMENT!

NEXT MORNING...

THERE IS THE HARBOR--AND OUR PROBLEM! IT IS A PERFECT PORT FOR SUBMARINE PENS--BUT WHENEVER WE BUILD ANY HEAVY INSTALLATIONS IN THE HARBOR, THEY BEGIN TO SLIP AND GRADUALLY SINK INTO THE BAY!

THIS PART OF THE COAST IS A LIMESTONE AREA--AND LIMESTONE IS ONE OF THE SOFTEST KNOWN ROCKS! I WONDER...

I THINK I CAN HELP YOU...BUT I'LL HAVE TO LOOK AROUND AND MAKE SOME TESTS OF THE AREA FIRST!

VERY WELL--WE WILL SUPPLY YOU WITH ALL THE EQUIPMENT YOU NEED!

YOU ARE GARDENERS, NO? YOU WILL PLANT SCRUB OAKS HERE? I LIKE SCRUB OAKS!

YOU SIMPERING PEASANT--GET AWAY FROM HERE!

YOU LIKE SCRUB OAKS ---
YOU WILL HELP PLANT
SCRUB OAKS IN ALBANIA?
I AND MY PEOPLE ---
WE ALL LIKE
SCRUB OAKS!

GUARD - STOP HIS
IDIOT'S BABBLE --- DRIVE
HIM AWAY SO THAT HE'LL
KNOW NOT TO BOTHER
THE RED SECRET POLICE
AGAIN!



THEY'RE WORSE
THAN BRUTES ---
TREATING THEIR
OWN COUNTRY-
MEN LIKE
HERE
CATTLE!

DON'T LOOK SO SHOCKED,
MY FRIEND --- WE HAVE
SHOT DISOBEDIENT
PEASANTS FOR EVEN LESSER
OFFENSES --- WE MUST SHOW
THEM THAT **WE** ARE THEIR
MASTERS! AND NOW --- **BACK
TO YOUR WORK!**



THE WORD FOR MEDITERRANEAN
SCRUB OAK IS **MAQUIS** --- THE
NAME GIVEN TO THE FRENCH
RESISTANCE MOVEMENT DURING
THE WAR! THAT MAN WAS TRYING
TO TELL ME HE'S A MEMBER OF
THE ANTI-RED ALBANIAN
**UNDER-
GROUND!**



AWAY ---
PIG!

NO --- **DON'T!**



*That
night...*

THAT POOR LITTLE MAN WHO
GOT HIS FACE BASHED IN TODAY ---
I CAN'T FORGET HIM! THERE WAS
SOMETHING ABOUT THE WAY HE SAID
SCRUB OAKS THAT HINTED THERE
WAS MORE MEANING TO IT ---
WAIT ---!



NEXT DAY...

I WAS RIGHT
ABOUT ALL THESE SEA-
CLIFFS BEING LIMESTONE!
SAY --- THERE'S THAT
LITTLE GUY AGAIN --- AND
IT LOOKS AS IF HE'S
PLACING SOMETHING
**UNDER THAT
ROCK!**



HE WENT AWAY...
I'VE GOT TO
FIND OUT WHAT
HE LEFT
THERE!

I'M
GOING
OVER TO
INSPECT THAT
ROCK OUTCROP ---
I'LL BE RIGHT
BACK!

GO --- WE
WILL
FOLLOW
YOU!



HE LEFT A SMALL PACKAGE --- HOPE THE GUARDS CAN'T SEE ME PUTTING IT INSIDE MY JACKET! I'LL OPEN IT IN MY CELL TONIGHT!

THAT NIGHT...

A PISTOL! AND THERE'S A NOTE!

I'LL BE READY, SCRUB OAK --- I'LL BE READY!

BE READY ON NITE OF DARK OF MOON --- WE WILL TRY TO RESCUE YOU AND GIRL. --- SCRUB OAK --- P.S. PLEASE EXCUSE SPELLING... I SPEAK ENGLISH BUT NOT RITE IT SO WELL.

ON THE APPOINTED DAY...

MY INVESTIGATIONS ARE COMPLETED... AND THEY CONCLUSIVELY SHOW THAT YOU CAN SAFELY BUILD YOUR SUB INSTALLATIONS ON THE EAST SIDE OF THE HARBOR --- BECAUSE THE UNDERLYING ROCK THERE IS OF A HARDER DOLOMITE! YOU MAY HAVE TO DREDGE THE CHANNEL THERE A BIT, TO MAKE IT DEEPER... BUT THAT'S A SIMPLE MATTER!

AH, YOU HAVE BEEN OF GREAT SERVICE TO OUR CAUSE --- AND TO REPAY YOU ---

I WILL HAVE YOU FLUNG BACK INTO YOUR CELL! SEIZE HIM! WE CANNOT ALLOW YOU TO RETURN TO ITALY AND SPREAD THE WORD OF OUR NEW SUBMARINE BASE --- YOU WILL DIE IN ALBANIA!

WHY, YOU LYING, TREACHEROUS--

THAT NIGHT, IN THE DARK OF THE MOON, FROM ALL THE SURROUNDING MOUNTAINS, SHADOWY FIGURES DESCEND LIKE AVENGING SPIRITS --- HEAVILY-ARMED PARTISANS --- **ALBANIA'S FIGHTERS FOR FREEDOM!**

ON... ON TO VALONA!

AND, JUST BEFORE DAWN...

DEATH TO THE RED TYRANTS!





YES, THEY FORCE US TO FLEE FOR OUR LIVES --- BUT THERE WILL COME A DAY WHEN THE PEOPLE WILL RISE UP IN THEIR WRATH AND **FORCE THE OPPRESSORS TO FLEE!**



BUT HERE IN THE GRIVA MOUNTAINS, WHERE NOT EVEN HORSES CAN CLIMB THE STEEP, WOODED SLOPES, THE RED TROOPS WOULD NOT DARE PURSUE US--- THEY WOULD RISK AN AMBUSH AT EVERY TURN! YOU WILL BOTH BE SAFE HERE!

YOUR HOSPITALITY IS GENEROUS, SCRUB OAK! BUT WE WOULDN'T WANT TO STAY HERE FOREVER---NOT WITHOUT TRYING TO PREVENT THE REDS FROM BUILDING THOSE DEADLY SUB PENS!



WELL, YOU CAN STAY AS LONG AS YOU LIKE HERE AT OUR HEADQUARTERS--- BY THE RUSHING WATERS OF THE RIVER--THAT IS-- SWALLOWED-UP-IN-- THE-GROUND!

WH-WHY, THAT... THAT MUST BE AN UNDERGROUND RIVER--EMPTYING OUT INTO THE SEA!



I HAD A HUNCH THERE'D BE SOMETHING LIKE THIS IN THE MOUNTAINS ABOVE VALONA BAY! ALMOST EVERY LIMESTONE AREA IS INFESTED WITH **SWALLOW-HOLES, SINKS, POTHLES, AND UNDERGROUND RIVERS**--- BECAUSE LIMESTONE IS CARBOHATE OF LIME---AND DISSOLVES IN WATER!



MY INVESTIGATIONS IN VALONA BAY INDICATED THAT THERE WAS A HUGE SINK AND SWALLOW-HOLE NEAR THE EAST WALL OF THE HARBOR ---AND THAT'S PROBABLY WHERE THE UNDERGROUND RIVER EMPTIES OUT! AND IF I'M RIGHT, SCRUB OAK, ALL WILL YET BE WELL --- SEND YOUR MOST TRUSTED SPIES INTO VALONA TO REPORT WHEN THE SUBMARINE INSTALLATIONS ARE ALMOST COMPLETED ---AND MEANWHILE, START COLLECTING ALL THE DYNAMITE YOU CAN FROM THE PARTISAN GROUPS!



THE WEEKS PASS SWIFTLY AND, FINALLY...

MY SPIES REPORT THAT THE REDS HAVE BEEN WORKING DAY AND NIGHT WITH THOUSANDS OF FORCED LABORERS TO COMPLETE THE HEAVY STEEL SUBMARINE INSTALLATIONS! THEY ARE ALMOST FINISHED--- AND ARE BEGINNING TO DREDGE THE EAST HARBOR TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE SUBS!

NOW THAT WE'VE COLLECTED MORE THAN ENOUGH DYNAMITE, WE MAKE **OUR MOVE -- AT DAWN!**



THAT NIGHT, FROM OUT OF THE MOUNTAIN FASTNESSES, ALBANIA'S COURAGEOUS PARTISANS DESCEND AGAIN - TO STRIKE ONE MORE BLOW IN THE NEVER-CEASING WAR AGAINST TYRANNY!



COME ON! GIVE THEM EVERY THING YOU'VE GOT!

SOUND THE ALARM!



THERE--NOW I'M REVENGED FOR THE RIFLE-BUTT IN MY FACE!

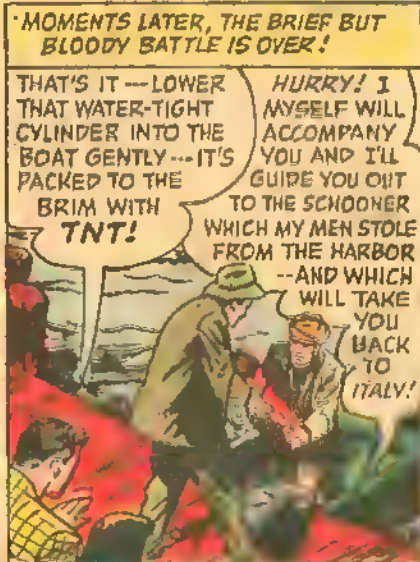
WE'VE GOT 'EM ON THE RUN -- PUSH THEM BACK INTO THE BAY!



MOMENTS LATER, THE BRIEF BUT BLOODY BATTLE IS OVER!

THAT'S IT -- LOWER THAT WATER-TIGHT CYLINDER INTO THE BOAT GENTLY -- IT'S PACKED TO THE BRIM WITH TNT!

HURRY! I MYSELF WILL ACCOMPANY YOU AND I'LL GUIDE YOU OUT TO THE SCHOONER WHICH MY MEN STOLE FROM THE HARBOR -- AND WHICH WILL TAKE YOU BACK TO ITALY!



THIS IS THE RIGHT SPOT -- IN FRONT OF THE EAST WALL OF THE HARBOR -- JUST WHERE THEY WERE DEEDING! LET'S LOWER THE CYLINDER CAREFULLY!

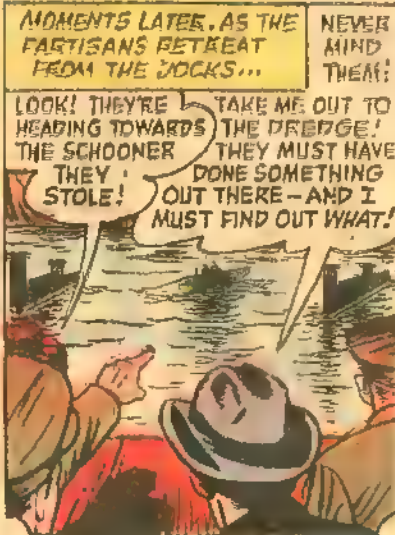
EVERYTHING'S SET -- I'VE GOT THE COIL OF DETONATING WIRE!



MOMENTS LATER, AS THE PARTISANS RETREAT FROM THE JOCKS...

NEVER MIND THEM!

LOOK! THEY'RE HEADING TOWARDS THE DREDGE! THE SCHOONER THEY MUST HAVE STOLE! TAKE ME OUT TO DO SOMETHING OUT THERE -- AND I MUST FIND OUT WHAT!



BON VOYAGE, MY FRIENDS! MAY FREEDOM SMILE ON YOU!

AND UPON ALBANIA! FAREWELL, SCRUB OAK -- AND THANKS!





THIS IS THE SPOT WHERE THEY WERE-- BUT I SEE NOTHING SUSPICIOUS!

WE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM THE FOOLS!

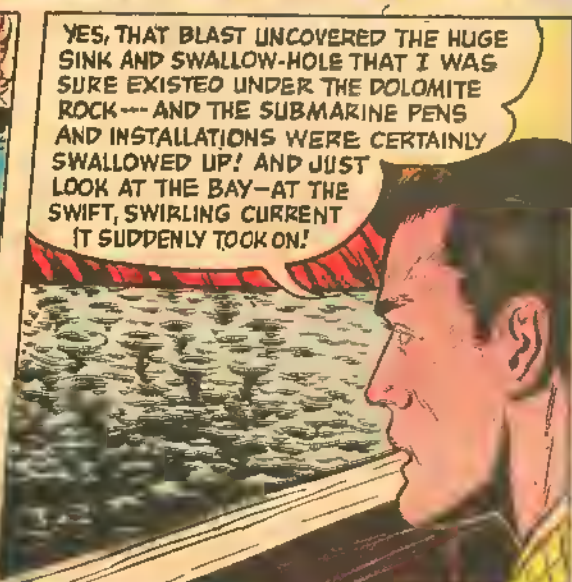


AT THAT MOMENT...

WELL-- HERE GOES-- FOR DEMOCRACY-- AND FOR A FREE ALBANIA!



LENNIE-- LOOK! THE SUBMARINE INSTALLATIONS-- THEY'RE ALL SINKING INTO THE BAY!



YES, THAT BLAST UNCOVERED THE HUGE SINK AND SWALLOW-HOLE THAT I WAS SURE EXISTED UNDER THE DOLOMITE ROCK-- AND THE SUBMARINE PENS AND INSTALLATIONS WERE CERTAINLY SWALLOWED UP! AND JUST LOOK AT THE BAY-- AT THE SWIFT, SWIRLING CURRENT IT SUDDENLY TOOK ON!



THE DYNAMITE ALSO UNCOVERED THAT UNDERGROUND RIVER-- AND NOW THE WHOLE HARBOR WILL BE PERMANENTLY UNUSABLE FOR SUBMARINES BECAUSE OF THE SWIFTNESS OF THE NEW CURRENT! THE REDS WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO USE VALONA AS A SUBMARINE BASE AGAINST THE DEMOCRACIES!

HOURS LATER... BACK ON ITALIAN SOIL...

WELL, THAT'S THAT! BUT I'M AFRAID IT WASN'T VERY MUCH OF A QUIET, RESTFUL HOLIDAY FOR YOU, WAS IT, LENNIE?

WHO CARES ABOUT REST-- WHEN WE'VE DONE OUR SHARE TOWARDS MAKING THIS WORLD A BETTER, HAPPIER PLACE IN WHICH TO LIVE!



THE END

U.S. ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"BEATING THE
BEACH BARRAGE"



U.S. ROYAL
AND THE
BIKE CLUB
BOYS WATCH
FROM A SAFE
DISTANCE AS
A GROUP OF
NAVY
DESTROYERS
AND
CRUISERS
STEAM IN FOR
FIRING
PRACTICE ...



IN A FEW MOMENTS NOW,
THE SHIPS WILL MOVE IN
AT FLANK SPEED AND LAY
DOWN A BARRAGE ON
THAT DESERTED SHORE...

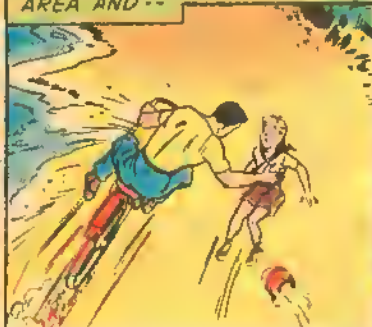
BUT SUDDENLY, THROUGH HIS GLASSES,
ROYAL SEES THAT THE SHORE IS
NOT QUITE DESERTED!



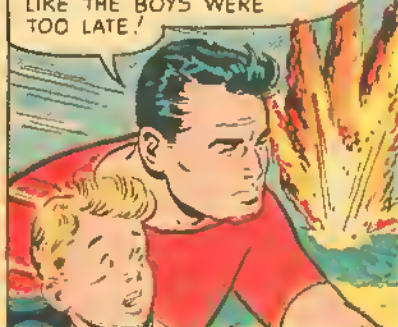
YOU FELLAS BIKE BACK TO THE
NAVAL STATION FAST AND GET
THEM TO WARN THOSE SHIPS!
I'M GOING AFTER THAT KID
IN THE
MEANTIME ...



WITH SUPER JET-SPEED, ROYAL
STREAKS DOWN TO THE TARGET
AREA AND --



PHEWW! LUCKY FOR US I MADE
IT, JUNIOR -- 'CAUSE IT LOOKS
LIKE THE BOYS WERE
TOO LATE!



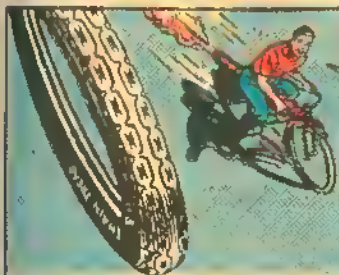
JUST AS WE
GOT TO THE
RADIO-ROOM,
WE HEARD THE
FIRST SALVO!

YOU DID ALL
RIGHT, BOYS... AND
A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY
WAS AVOIDED --
THANKS
TO ROYAL!

ROYAL BIKE TIRES,
YOU MEAN... THAT'S
WHERE THE SPEED
CAME IN!



FELLAS, FOR REAL SPEED, YOU
WANT A TIRE THAT COMBINES
SAFETY AND EASY PEDALING. TRY
U.S. ROYALS, WITH THE SPECIAL
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN. THERE'S
EXTRA MILEAGE IN
THEM, TOO!



SPLIT-SECOND STOPS ...
FIRM FOOTING... AND PERFECT
CONTROL ARE AT YOUR FOOT-
TIPS WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH
THE SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID
CHAIN. BE SURE YOUR NEXT
TIRES ARE ROYALS!

U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES



Products of
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

TAPS for SPIES

CHET MASTERSDN, NIGHT watchman at the Defense Department's newest secret laboratory, made his rounds of the plant on silent feet, silent because of the rubber sneakers he was wearing. Chet grinned wryly as he looked down at the sneakers and remembered why he had to wear them--and then an inferno of red pain seemed to explode inside his head.

The man who had stepped out of the shadows to slam the blackjack down on Chet's skull now pocketed the blackjack and aimed his pistol, with silencer attached, at the watchman's unconscious figure lying there on the steel floor of the corridor. But another man emerged from the shadows to push the gun away, saying, "No, Klamood--no gunplay! Don't you remember what we were told about the new *super-rippite* high-explosive this laboratory makes? It's a very touchy explosive, and the slightest spark will set off the *super-rippite* dust in the air! Here--let me use my knife on this dog of a watchman!"

The second man knelt swiftly at Chet's side. Klamood, watching, grinned as the body stiffened convulsively, and then he said, "Well done, Kamill! You were right. We will have to be very careful here--you can even smell the *super-rippite* dust in the air! Now get this dog's keys, and we'll soon have the formula for this new high-explosive. When the time is right, it will be used against the inventors, against *all America!*"

Kamill bent to get Chet's safe-keys and then the two spies walked down the corridor, towards the inner lab, the taps on their heels making sharp clicking sounds against the steel floor.

Dimly, through the thick insulating layers of semi-consciousness, a part of Chet's agonized brain heard the sound of their footsteps, and a message seemed to pound in his mind: "*Wake up...wake up...you're not dead yet! There's still something you can do to stop them...even though it's sheer agony to move...even though you're bleeding to death!*"

With almost superhuman will and grit, Chet's body responded to that whispered voice in his brain. Slowly, slowly, he began raising his head, feeling the blood flowing from the wound in his back, enduring the unbearable pain, resisting the impulse to sink back into blank unconsciousness. And then he heard it again, the *click-clack* of the footsteps along the long steel corridor. He realized that only one thing could make that sound--*steel taps* on their shoes!

Chet knew he would be dead in a few more minutes from the terribly deep knife wound--but at least he could still take those two spies with him, and prevent the secret of *super-rippite* from falling into a potential enemy's hands. If he could only make them run...make them *run!*

"Ah, now that formula is ours," Klamood's voice echoed down the long steel corridor. "We can---*Kamill!* Look! The watchman is alive yet--he's reaching for that alarm buzzer on the wall! We've got to stop him...**RUN!**"

As the two spies raced towards Chet at top speed, sparks flew from the contact between their steel taps and the steel floor--sparks that a moment later exploded the *super-rippite* dust in the air and blew the spies into smithereens, as the dying watchman had foreseen.

SUBWAY SABOTAGE

LOOK WELL AT THIS MAN--THIS HANS KRESSEL--THIS ONE-TIME NAZI SABOTEUR! HIS EYES ARE VACANT AND STARING, HIS MIND CUT OFF FROM THE PAST BY AMNESIA! BUT SOMEWHERE IN THE RECESSES OF THAT CLOUDED BRAIN LIES A TERRIBLE SECRET-- A SECRET VITAL TO AMERICAN SECURITY! THAT'S WHY CRACK F.B.I. AGENTS GUARD HIM DAY AND NIGHT IN A SECLUDED NEW YORK HOSPITAL!-- FOR MANY LONG WEEKS, JERRY MAXWELL, COUNTER-ESPIONAGE ACE, HAS BEEN ASSIGNED TO THE CASE! BUT NOW, AT LAST, HE IS BEING RELIEVED...

THERE HE IS, PAUL! I CAN'T SAY I'M SORRY TO TURN MY JOB OVER TO YOU ...YOU'VE BEEN COMPLETELY BRIEFED ON KRESSEL?

ALL I WAS TOLD, JERRY, WAS THAT DURING THE WAR HE WAS A NAZI SPY AND HE PLANTED A BIG CHARGE OF EXPLOSIVES SOMEWHERE IN THE U.S.! BUT BEFORE HE COULD DETONATE IT, HE GOT CONKED ON THE HEAD AND LOST HIS MEMORY!



SINCE THEN HE'S BEEN IN THIS HOSPITAL WHILE THE DOCS HAVE TRIED EVERYTHING TO STIR UP HIS MEMORY --AND GOT NO-- WHERE!

THAT'S ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT! WE STILL HAVEN'T THE FAINTEST IDEA WHERE THE STUFF IS! THE DANGER IS THAT CERTAIN PEOPLE MIGHT FIND IT AND TOUCH THE BLAST OFF!



AND THE COMRADES WOULD BE JUST THE BABIES TO DO IT, TOO!

EXACTLY! GO WATCH KRESSEL LIKE A HAWK-- DON'T LET ANY STRANGERS NEAR HIM! IF OUR ENEMIES FIGURED OUT A WAY TO CLEAR UP HIS AMNESIA AND MAKE HIM TALK-- WE'D BE IN REAL DANGER!



BROTHER, AM I GLAD TO GET AWAY FROM HERE! THAT KRESSSEL GIVES ME THE **CREEPS!** FROM NOW ON, HE'S GOING TO BE FORGOTTEN MAN NUMBER ONE AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED!



MEANWHILE--IN FAR-AWAY BERLIN, THE SHADY FIGURE OF A PRETTY GIRL SLIPS UN-NOTICED ACROSS THE BORDER SEPARATING THE SOVIET ZONE FROM THE WEST!



AND AT A NEARBY AIRPORT--

RUN ALONG, DARLING, OR YOU'LL BE LATE! I'LL WIRE YOU AS SOON AS THE PLANE LANDS IN NEW YORK!



'BYE, MONEY!

SHE IS BLONDE AND NOT TOO UN-LIKE ME--AND I **MUST** GET TO THE U.S.A. QUICKLY!--



A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN A DESERTED TOOL SHED--

THAT'S RIGHT! YOU'LL CHANGE CLOTHES WITH ME--AND NOT A WORD!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS! YOU-- YOU--



AIRPLANE TICKET AND IDENTIFICATION--**GOOD!** YOU WILL BE FOUND TOMORROW MORNING WHEN THE WORKMEN COME, MISS WINTERS--AND MEANWHILE--**I'LL BE ON MY WAY TO AMERICA!**



I TRUST YOU HAVE AN ENJOYABLE TRIP, MISS WINTERS!

SO DO I!



**FOUR HOURS LATER--ACROSS THE ATLANTIC,
SPEEDING CLOSER AND CLOSER---**

WE'VE ALMOST
REACHED **NEW
YORK!**

SUDDENLY--

RADIO SAID THAT A GIRL
WAS FOUND IN BERLIN,
BOUND AND GAGGED-- AND
SHE SAYS THAT **SHE'S**
MAUD WINTERS--WHICH
WOULD MEAN YOU'RE
AN **IMPOSTOR!**

BUT...BUT
THAT IS
RIDICULOUS!

SURE--SHE'S PROBABLY
SOME FRAULEIN TRYING
TO TRICK OUR OFFICIALS
INTO LETTING HER COME
HERE! YOU'LL HAVE NO
TROUBLE EXPLAINING TO
THE POLICE
WHEN WE
LAND!

**THE POLICE!
NO!**

YOU, STEWARDESS!
BREAK OUT A
PARACHUTE--FAST!

STOP, YOU
LITTLE FOOL!

**MEANWHILE, F.B.I. AGENT JERRY
MAXWELL DRIVES LEISURELY THROUGH
THE CONNECTICUT COUNTRYSIDE---**

THIS
IS THE
LIFE!

**HEY! LOOKS LIKE YOU
NEED HELP, FELLOW!**

DID I SAY FELLOW?
HOW COULD I HAVE
MADE **THAT** MISTAKE?

HELP ME
DOWN,
PLEASE!



THANKS! MY PLANE RAN INTO TROUBLE, AND I BAILED OUT! COULD YOU--DRIVE ME TO **NEW YORK?**

SORRY, I'M GOING THE OTHER WAY! BUT I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE NEXT TOWN, WHERE YOU CAN CATCH A TRAIN!

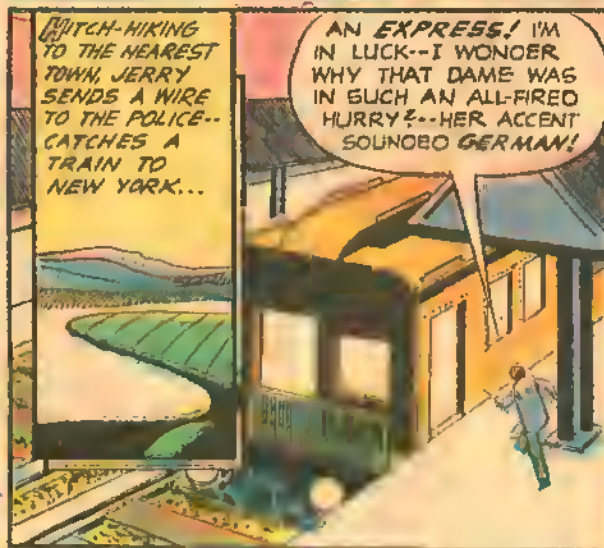


I **MUST** GET TO NEW YORK, QUICKLY--SO I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO USE YOUR CAR!

NOW SEE HERE--



HMM--I'VE CHANGED MY MIND, HONEY! I AM GOING TO NEW YORK--AND ONCE THE POLICE HEAR ABOUT YOU--I'M BETTING WE HAVE A LITTLE **REUNION!**



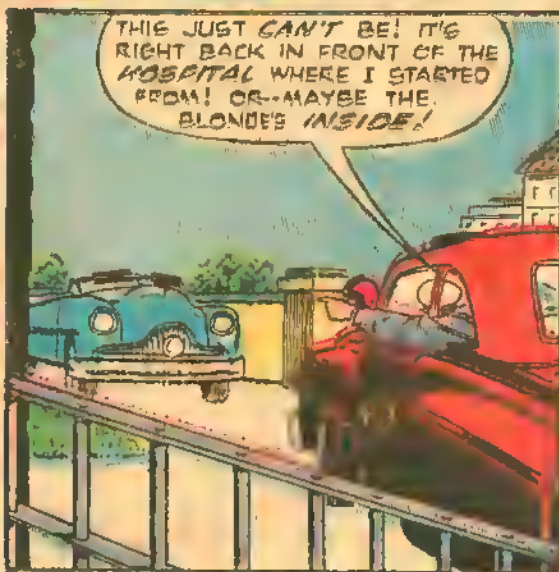
QUIT-HIKING TO THE NEAREST TOWN, JERRY SENDS A WIRE TO THE POLICE--CATCHES A TRAIN TO NEW YORK...

AN **EXPRESS!** I'M IN LUCK--I WONDER WHY THAT DAME WAS IN SUCH AN ALL-FIRED HURRY?--HER ACCENT SOUNDED **GERMAN!**



IN MANHATTAN, JERRY CHECKS AT A POLICE STATION--

JUST GOT A FLASH A MINUTE AGO, MR. MAXWELL--YOUR CAR'S BEEN FOUND! I'LL HAVE THE BOYS DRIVE YOU TO IT!



THIS JUST CAN'T BE! IT'S RIGHT BACK IN FRONT OF THE HOSPITAL WHERE I STARTED FROM! OR--MAYBE THE **BLONDE'S INSIDE!**



JERRY! **KREGGEL'S BEEN KIDNAPPED!**

WHAT!

A GIRL CAME HERE ASKING FOR HANS KRESSSEL! SHE'D JUST STARTED TO EXPLAIN WHY SHE WANTED TO SEE HIM--WHEN **FOUR GUNMEN** CHARGED IN! THEY PLUGGED ME, GRABBED KRESSSEL AND BEAT IT, TAKING THE BLONDE WITH 'EM!

DID YOU SAY--A **BLONDE?**

BACK AT HIS OFFICE--

I'LL BET THAT BLONDE WAS **WORKING WITH THE KIDNAPPERS**--PURPOSELY DIVERTED PAUL, WHILE THEY SNATCHED KRESSSEL! NOW IF ONLY I COULD TRACK **HER** DOWN--I COULD FIND--

MR. MAXWELL! I'M SORRY--TO BUTT IN THIS WAY--

YOU!

I MUST TALK TO YOU--ABOUT MY **UNCLE, HANS KRESSSEL!**

HE'S--**YOUR UNCLE?**

YES! IN THE SOVIET ZONE OF BERLIN, I HEARD THAT THE REDS WERE SENDING AGENTS TO SEIZE HIM--MAKE HIM TELL WHERE HE HAD THE **EXPLOSIVES!**

I WAS AFRAID TO GO TO THE AMERICAN AUTHORITIES, AFRAID THEY WOULD NOT BELIEVE ME! SO, I--AH--GOT HERE THE QUICKEST WAY!--AND WHEN I TOOK YOUR CAR, I DISCOVERED A LETTER IN IT--SAYING **YOU WERE AN F.B.I. AGENT!**

YOUR STORY STACKS UP, HONEY--AS A **STORY!** HOW COME YOU TIMED YOUR ARRIVAL AT THE HOSPITAL TO COINCIDE WITH THE KIDNAPPERS--AND WHY'D YOU LEAVE WITH THEM?

"BUT I DID NOT KNOW THEY WOULD COME THEN! I-- WAS JUST EXPLAINING TO MY UNCLE'S GUARD--WHEN THEY RUSHED IN..."

TAKE THE GIRL ALONG --SHE KNOWS TOO MUCH! WE'LL GET RID OF HER LATER!

I WAS FORCED INTO A CAR WITH MY UNCLE! AND AT A QUIET SPOT--

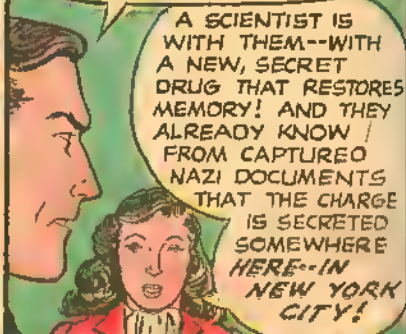
FINISH HER, IGOR-- THEN JOIN US AT THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP!



IN MY STRUGGLE WITH MY EXECUTIONER, HIS GUN WENT OFF--AND GOT HIM! THEN I RUSHED HERE--"



SAY YOUR STORY IS TRUE--SAY I BELIEVE EVERY WORD OF IT! BUT HOW CAN THOSE REES MAKE KRESSSEL TELL WHERE THE EXPLOSIVES ARE, WHEN WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET A WORD OUT OF HIM?



A SCIENTIST IS WITH THEM--WITH A NEW, SECRET DRUG THAT RESTORES MEMORY! AND THEY ALREADY KNOW! FROM CAPTURED NAZI DOCUMENTS THAT THE CHARGE IS SECRETED SOMEWHERE HERE--IN NEW YORK CITY!

IN NEW YORK!

YES, AND POWERFUL ENOUGH TO BLAST THE WHOLE PLACE OFF THE MAP! THEY'LL DETONATE IT, MR. MAXWELL! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!



BUT HOW? IF WE ONLY HAD SOME CLUE--WAIT! YOU SAID THE SPY ASSIGNED TO KILL YOU WAS GOING TO MEET THEM AT A BLACKSMITH'S SHOP?



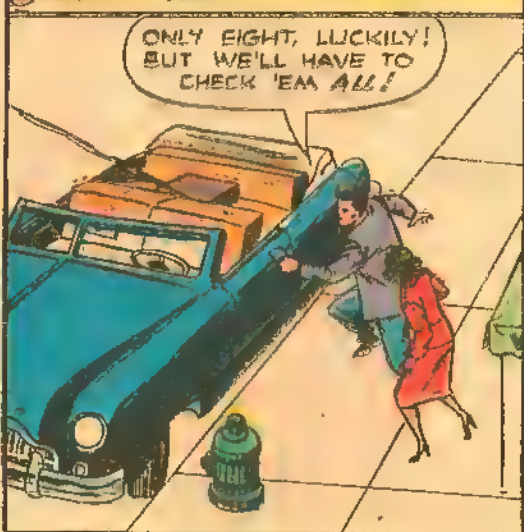
YES--

THERE CAN'T BE MANY IN NEW YORK--MISS JONES! GET ME A LIST OF ALL THE BLACKSMITH SHOPS IN NEW YORK! HURRY!



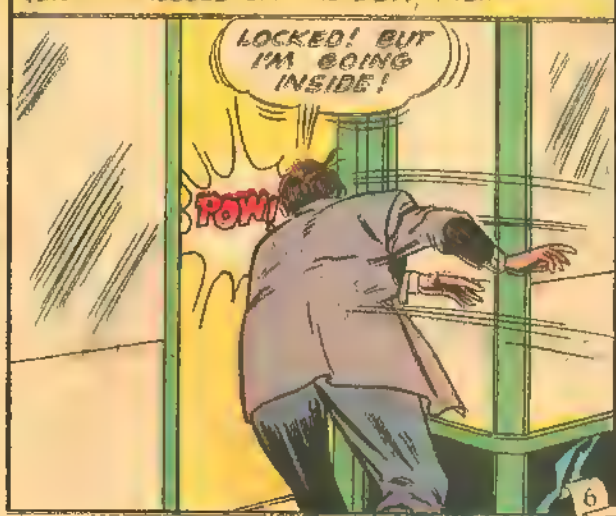
SHORTLY AFTER--

ONLY EIGHT, LUCKILY! BUT WE'LL HAVE TO CHECK 'EM ALL!



THE FIRST FOUR BLACKSMITH SHOPS VISITED ARE QUICKLY CROSSED OFF THE LIST! THEN--

LOCKED! BUT I'M GOING INSIDE!





IT'S--KRESSSEL!



UNCLE HANG!
IT'S YOUR
NIECE,
MARLENE!

DID THEY
MAKE YOU
REMEMBER
WHERE YOU
HID THE EX-
PLOSIONS?
DID YOU
TELL 'EM?



THEY--PUT A NEEDLE IN MY ARM
--AND SUDDENLY--MY BRAIN
CLEARED! THEY SAID THEY WERE
NAZIS--THAT I MUST TELL THEM
--WHERE I HID THE EXPLOSIVES!
IT WAS--**REVENGE**, THEY
SAID! I TOLD THEM--AND
THEN--THEY SHOT ME--

WHERE WERE THOSE
EXPLOSIVES HIDDEN?
**YOU'VE GOT TO TELL
US--HURRY!**

USTERING HIS LAST REMAINING STRENGTH,
HANG'S KRESSSEL SHAKILY DRAWS A MAP--



THERE--IN AN UNUSED
SUBWAY SPUR--UNDER
TIMES SQUARE!



HE'S--DYING!

YES, MARLENE--AND A LOT
OF OTHER PEOPLE WILL BE
TOO, UNLESS WE STEP ON
IT!



AT TIMES SQUARE--

WE WOULD HIT THE
FIVE O'CLOCK RUSH!



MUST BE CROOKS MAKING A GETAWAY--
**CALL THE
COPS!**

THEY WON'T GET FAR IF A
SUBWAY
TRAIN COMES
ALONG!
THIS WAY, MARLENE
--BUT WATCH THE
THIRD RAIL! IF YOU
TOUCH IT, YOU'LL BE
ELECTROCUTED!

MEANWHILE, IN A MURKY, LONG-UNUSED TUNNEL WHICH BRANCHES OFF THE MAIN SUBWAY LINE--

THE FUSE WILL TAKE HALF AN HOUR TO REACH THE EXPLOSIVES--TIME ENOUGH FOR US TO REACH SAFETY IN JERSEY, IF WE RUSH!

FROM THERE, WE CAN WATCH NEW YORK BLOWN SKY-HIGH!

THIS MUST BE THE TUNNEL YOUR UNCLE MEANT!--WHEW! WE GOT OFF THE MAIN LINE JUST IN TIME!

THERE THEY ARE!

STOP! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

BANG!

THE FUSE--THEY'LL PUT IT OUT! BUT THERE'LL STILL BE AN EXPLOSION--IF I CAN JUST--

POW!

HE'S THROWING A SWITCH! THE NEXT TRAIN WILL SHOOT INTO THIS TUNNEL INSTEAD OF GOING UP THE MAIN LINE!

RIGHT! AND WHEN IT PLOUGHS INTO THE EXPLOSIVES, THEY'LL DETONATE! YOUR CITY IS DOOMED!

SUDDENLY-- THE THUNDER OF AN EXPRESS TRAIN, SPEEDING UP THE MAIN LINE!

A TRAIN'S COMING-- AND THERE ISN'T TIME TO RESET THE SWITCH!

ROAR

✓HH!

IF--IF ONLY
MY AIM'S
TRUE--

IT LANDS--ONE END ACROSS THE THIRD RAIL, THE OTHER END ON A RAIL OF TRACK! A BLINDING FLASH, AS THE SECTION OF THE SUBWAY LINE IS SHORT-CIRCUITED!

**WHAT'S HAPPENED?
WE LEFT THE MAIN LINE!**

YOU CAME OARN
NEAR LEAVING THIS
WORLD, MISTER!

AND FOR WHAT YOU OIO TO STOP THIS
FRIGHTFUL DISASTER, MISS KRESSEL,
WE'LL DO OUR BEST TO SEE THAT YOU
ARE PERMITTED TO LIVE IN THE U.S.A.
FROM NOW ON!

LATER--

I'D LIKE TO
ADD MY THANKS TO
THEIRS, MARLENE--
IN MY OWN
WAY!

BABY, I'M HERE TO TELL YOU THAT
NOT ALL THE HIGH EXPLOSIVES
ARE UNDER NEW YORK! NOT
BY A LONG SHOT!

The End.

STUNG!

PROFESSOR J. ALBERT Oppdycker lifted his white-haired head from the book he was reading, and looked up in shocked amazement at the man who stood in the doorway of the study, aiming a gun at him.

"Who are you?" the professor demanded. "Who let you into my house?"

The gunman glanced nervously about the room before he replied, "You can just call me Agent X, if you like. And it was your butler who let me in--but he'll never let anyone else in again, because I slit his throat!"

The man's shifty eyes caught sight of the whisky decanter on the table, and he walked over swiftly to grab the bottle with his free hand. "Don't make a move, professor," he warned as he raised the bottle to his lips. "I can shoot even while I'm drinking--and there's no one else in your house to hear the shot!"

His eyes narrowing in thought, the professor watched the gunman take a long swallow from the bottle. "You're frightened," the professor said. "You're drinking to keep up your courage. You wouldn't dare shoot me!"

The man took another long swig of whisky before he put the bottle down and glared at the professor with slightly bleary eyes. "Shut up!" he ordered. "I drink because I like it--not because I'm afraid! Your butler wasn't the first man I killed, and he won't be the last! But you're next on my list--unless you give me those hydrogen bomb notes everyone knows you kept while you were working for the government. I can get plenty from a certain foreign government for them--and I won't hesitate a minute to kill you if you don't tell me where you keep them."

The professor shrugged and got up from his chair. "Very well. I keep them hidden in the apiary. Come,

I'll show you."

"Wait a minute--your whisky's pretty good. Think I'll take another swig before we go out."

The swig turned out to be a long one, and after the gunman wiped his lips in satisfaction, the professor led him out to the apiary behind the house. "I keep bees," the professor explained, "and I hid the hydrogen bomb notes in back of the biggest hive. Don't worry about the bees, though--they won't sting you. Watch!"

The gunman stared in fascination as the professor stuck his hands among the swarm of bees around the hive. Leaning farther and farther over, Prof. Oppdycker pretended to be straining to reach something behind the hive--and then, his face almost obscured by the bees buzzing around him, he said: "The papers seem to have slipped down a bit. I...I can't reach them. Your hands are longer than mine; you better try."

"You sure they won't sting me?" the gunman asked warily.

"They didn't sting me, did they?"

"All right then, move away and don't try any tricks. I'll get those papers."

The gunman neared the hive, leaned over, and stuck his free hand into the recess behind the hive. "I don't feel any papers--OWWW!"

Shrieking in sheer agony, the gunman dropped his gun and began clawing at the hundreds of bees that were stinging his face. "Help--get them off me!" he howled.

The professor smiled as he picked up the gun and pointed it at the killer. "Oh, I forgot to tell you, Agent X. The papers aren't there--but bees have a strong dislike of alcohol. Anyone smelling of it will always be stung when approaching even tame bees!"

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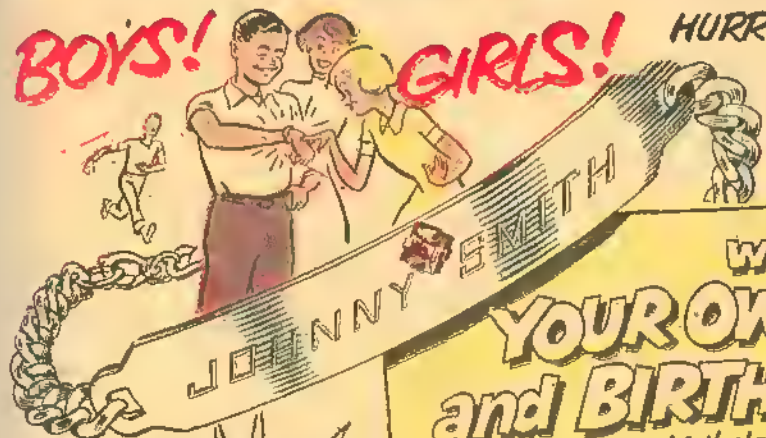
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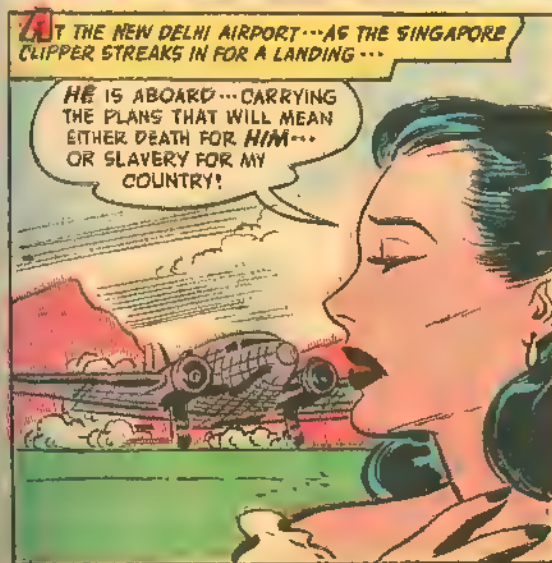
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LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

AFFRAY ⁱⁿ AFGHANISTAN

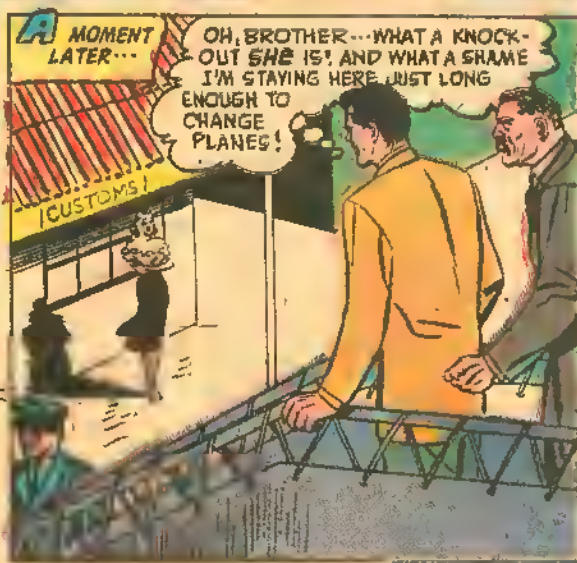


THOUSANDS OF RUGS ARE EXPORTED FROM AFGHANISTAN EVERY YEAR... BUT THE ONE OUR HERO WINDS UP WITH MAY DECIDE THE FATE OF THE FREE NATIONS OF ASIA! WATCH CHUCK MALCOLM GO TO TOWN... WHEN HE'S ACCIDENTALLY SWEEPED TO THE FOREFRONT OF AN AFFRAY IN AFGHANISTAN!



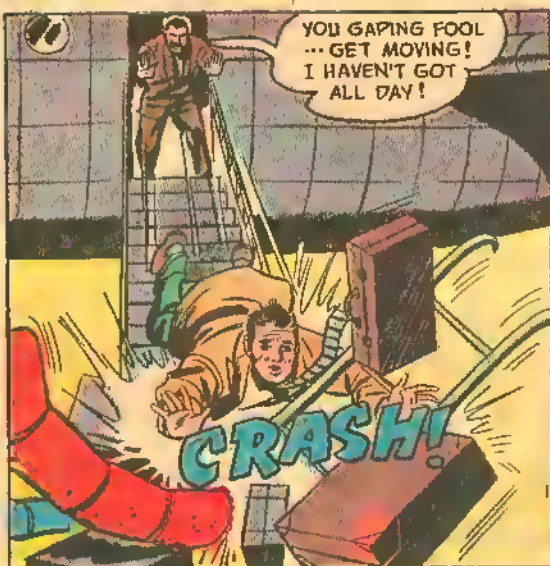
AT THE NEW DELHI AIRPORT... AS THE SINGAPORE CLIPPER STREAKS IN FOR A LANDING...

HE IS ABOARD... CARRYING THE PLANS THAT WILL MEAN EITHER DEATH FOR HIM... OR SLAVERY FOR MY COUNTRY!



A MOMENT LATER...

OH, BROTHER... WHAT A KNOCK-OUT SHE IS! AND WHAT A SHAME I'M STAYING HERE JUST LONG ENOUGH TO CHANGE PLANES!



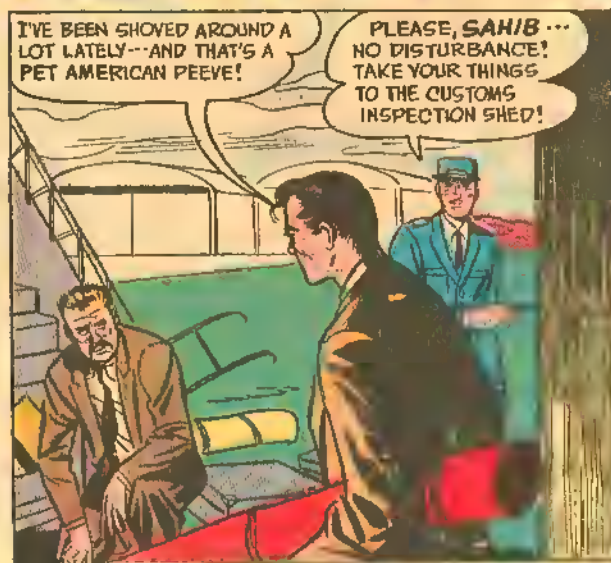
YOU GAWPY FOOL
... GET MOVING!
I HAVEN'T GOT
ALL DAY!

CRASH!



HOW'S THIS
FOR MOVING,
BUSTER?

POW!



I'VE BEEN SHOVED AROUND A
LOT LATELY...AND THAT'S A
PET AMERICAN PEEVE!

PLEASE, SAHIB...
NO DISTURBANCE!
TAKE YOUR THINGS
TO THE CUSTOMS
INSPECTION SHED!



THERE'S THAT CHICK AGAIN! I CAN'T
GUESS WHY SHE'D BE INTERESTED
IN ME...UNLESS SHE'S A TOP-
NOTCH MIND READER!

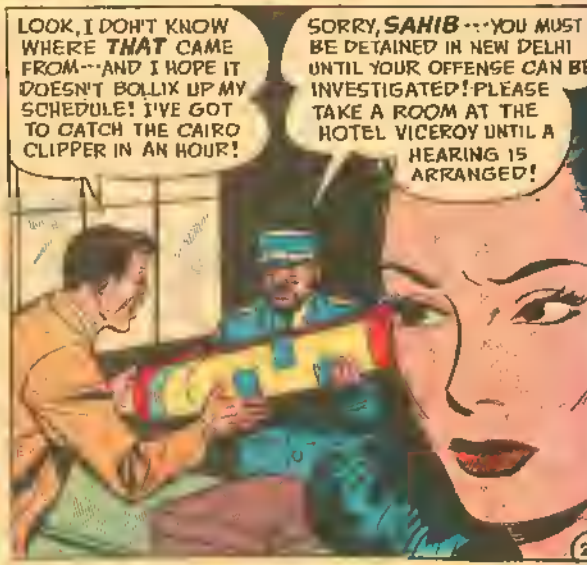
YOU ARE CHUCK
MALCOLM? YOU
HAVE NOTHING TO
DECLARE BUT
BACK COPIES
OF NEWSPAPERS?



GUESS I'D BETTER
EXPLAIN ABOUT THEM!
I'VE BEEN EDITING A
PAPER IN CHINA...A
PROVINCIAL WEEKLY
MY FATHER STARTED
IN 1915...AND NOW
THAT I'VE BEEN FORCED
TO RETURN TO THE
STATES BY THE RED
REGIME, I'M TAKING
ALONG A COMPLETE
FILE OF BACK NUM-
BERS AS A KEEPSAKE!

MOST UNDERSTANDABLE...
EXCEPT THAT IT HARDLY
EXPLAINS YOUR ATTEMPT
TO **SMUGGLE IN
THIS RUG!**

HUH?



LOOK, I DON'T KNOW
WHERE THAT CAME
FROM...AND I HOPE IT
DOESN'T BOLlix UP MY
SCHEDULE! I'VE GOT
TO CATCH THE CAIRO
CLIPPER IN AN HOUR!

SORRY, SAHIB...YOU MUST
BE DETAINED IN NEW DELHI
UNTIL YOUR OFFENSE CAN BE
INVESTIGATED! PLEASE
TAKE A ROOM AT THE
HOTEL VICEROY UNTIL A
HEARING IS
ARRANGED!

NICE, HUH? NOW THAT I AM ABLE TO DATE THAT TAMALE... SHE'S DIS-APPEARED!

MR. KONSTANTIN, YOU SAY *YOUR* PACKAGE CONTAINS AN ORIENTAL RUG! WHAT ARE THESE NEWSPAPERS WITH A CHINESE DATELINE?

ACH... ALWAYS MY HANDWRITING MAKES TROUBLE! I WROTE ORIENTAL RAG... MEANING AMERICAN SLANG FOR NEWS-PAPER!

AN HOUR LATER...

YEP... A SWITCH LIKE THIS COULD HAPPEN ONLY IN THE ORIENT! AND JUST TO MAKE SURE MY FRIENDS IN THE STATES DON'T LAUGH OFF THE STORY, I WANT SOMETHING TO BACK IT UP... A PICTURE OF THE RUG!

Then...

BANG!

CRACK!

DON'T MOVE! YOU MAY BE THE CRAFTIEST SPY IN THE ORIENT... BUT SAFIRA IS NOT AFRAID TO USE A GUN!

SPY... ME? LOOK, BABY... YOU SURE YOU'VE GOT THE RIGHT MAN?

YES, AND I'VE GOT THIS... *YOUR* FIRST STEP IN THE COMMUNIST CONQUEST OF AFGHANISTAN!

DREAMBOAT, YOU'VE GOT SOME WRONG IDEAS TO GET RID OF... INCLUDING THAT GUN!

OHH!





I DON'T KNOW **YET** WHOSE SIDE I'M ON, BABY...BUT EITHER WAY, WE'D BETTER STICK TOGETHER!

IT'S NO USE! WITHOUT ANOTHER CAR IN SIGHT, THERE ISN'T A CHANCE OF STOPPING THEM!



HONEY, TRAFFIC OBSTRUCTIONS IN THESE PARTS CAN BE MIGHTY BULLHEADED!



WE CAN'T BACK UP, KONSTANTIN... THEY'RE RIGHT BEHIND US!

KEEP YOUR HEAD... I DON'T INTEND TO BE STOPPED BY A STUPID BRUTE LIKE THIS!



BEFORE THE ECHO OF GUNFIRE FADES AWAY...

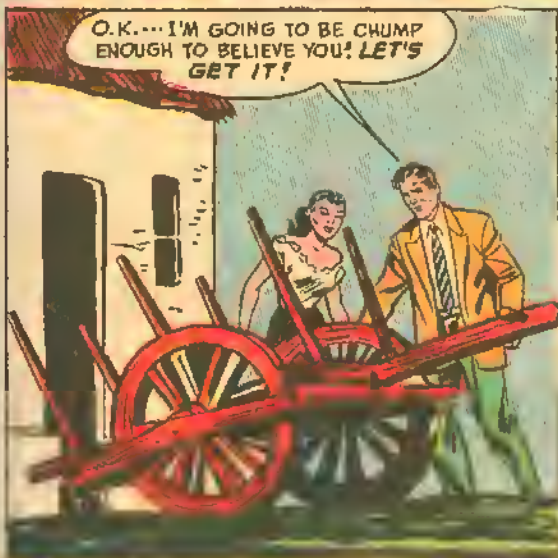
THE DEVILS HAVE COMMITTED SACRILEGE!

KILL THEM... TEAR THEM APART!



THIS IS NO PLACE FOR US, SWEETHEART! THOSE FATHEADS MADE THE MISTAKE OF MOLESTING AN ANIMAL THAT'S SACRED TO HINDUS...AND IT'S GOING TO COST THEM THEIR LIVES!

BUT THE RUG! IF IT FALLS INTO THE WRONG HANDS... IT MAY COST THOUSANDS OF OTHER LIVES!



O.K.... I'M GOING TO BE CHUMP ENOUGH TO BELIEVE YOU! LET'S GET IT!

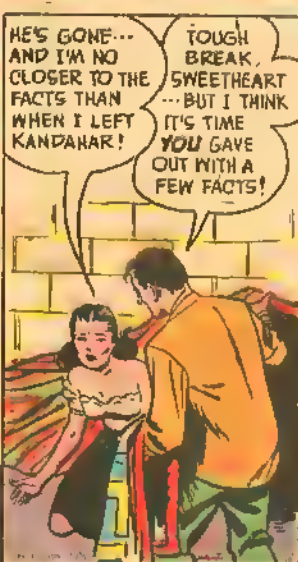


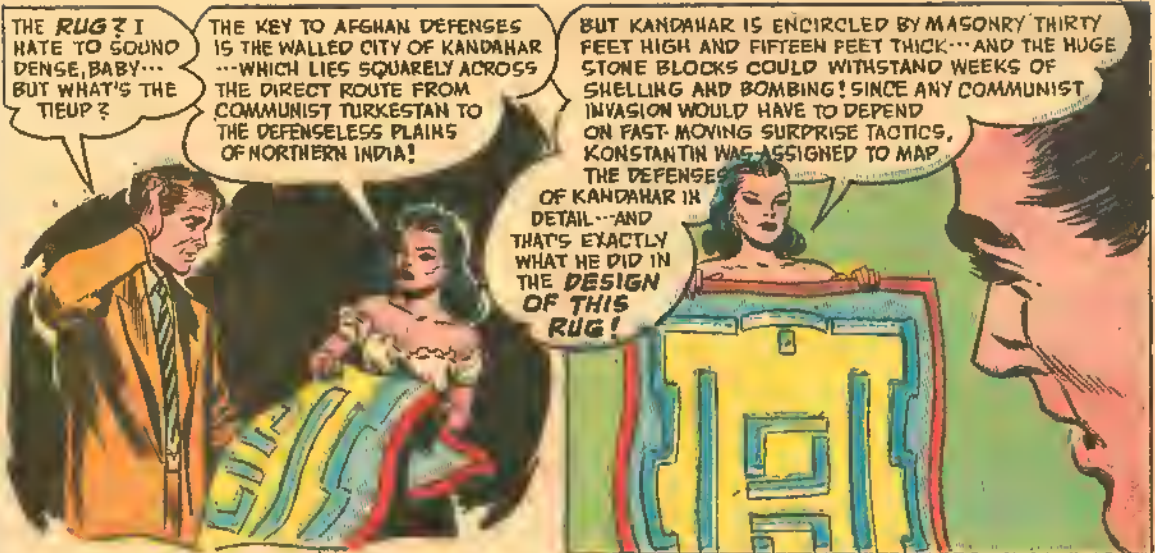
AT THAT MOMENT...

UGH! DON'T KILL ME... I'M A FRIEND OF THE STARVING MASSES!

CRACK!

AAARGH!



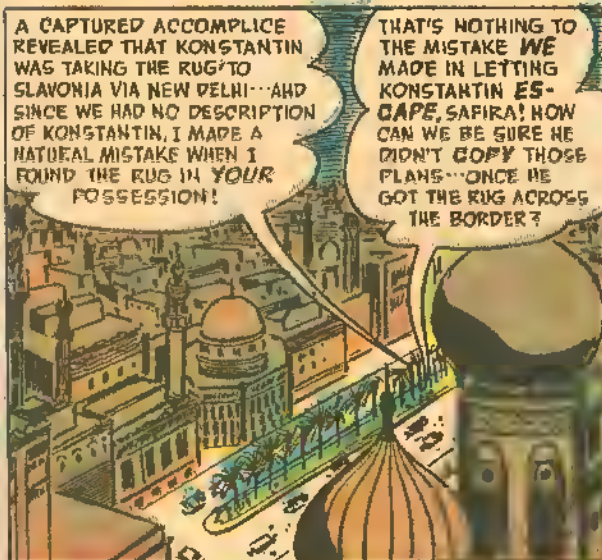


THE **RUG?** I HATE TO SOUND DENSE, BABY... BUT WHAT'S THE TIEUP?

THE KEY TO AFGHAN DEFENSES IS THE WALLED CITY OF KANDAHAR...WHICH LIES SQUARELY ACROSS THE DIRECT ROUTE FROM COMMUNIST TURKISTAN TO THE DEFENSELESS PLAINS OF NORTHERN INDIA!

BUT KANDAHAR IS ENCLOSED BY MASONRY THIRTY FEET HIGH AND FIFTEEN FEET THICK...AND THE HUGE STONE BLOCKS COULD WITHSTAND WEEKS OF SHELLING AND BOMBING! SINCE ANY COMMUNIST INVASION WOULD HAVE TO DEPEND ON FAST-MOVING SURPRISE TACTICS, KONSTANTIN WAS ASSIGNED TO MAP THE DEFENSES

OF KANDAHAR IN DETAIL...AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT HE DID IN THE **DESIGN OF THIS RUG!**



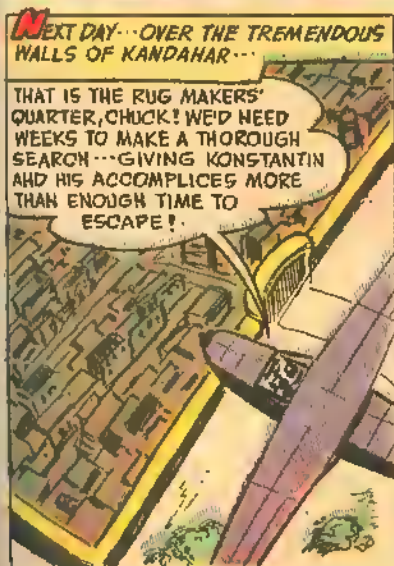
A CAPTURED ACCOMPLICE REVEALED THAT KONSTANTIN WAS TAKING THE RUG TO SLAVONIA VIA NEW DELHI...AND SINCE WE HAD NO DESCRIPTION OF KONSTANTIN, I MADE A NATURAL MISTAKE WHEN I FOUND THE RUG IN **YOUR** POSSESSION!

THAT'S NOTHING TO THE MISTAKE **WE** MADE IN LETTING KONSTANTIN **ESCAPE**, SAPIKA! HOW CAN WE BE SURE HE DIDN'T **COPY** THOSE PLANS...ONCE HE GOT THE RUG ACROSS THE BORDER?



EVEN IF HE DID, HE WILL NOT RISK THE CAPTURE OF HIS ACCOMPLICES STILL IN AFGHANISTAN...NOW THAT HIS METHOD HAS BEEN DISCOVERED! KONSTANTIN WILL RETURN TO WARN THE OTHERS...AND WE MUST FIND A WAY TO **TRAP THEM ALL!**

O.K.---THINK YOU CAN USE YOUR DRAG WITH THE INDIAN GOVERNMENT TO GET US A PLANE?



NEXT DAY... OVER THE TREMENDOUS WALLS OF KANDAHAR...

THAT IS THE RUG MAKERS' QUARTER, CHUCK! WE'D NEED WEEKS TO MAKE A THOROUGH SEARCH...GIVING KONSTANTIN AND HIS ACCOMPLICES MORE THAN ENOUGH TIME TO **ESCAPE!**



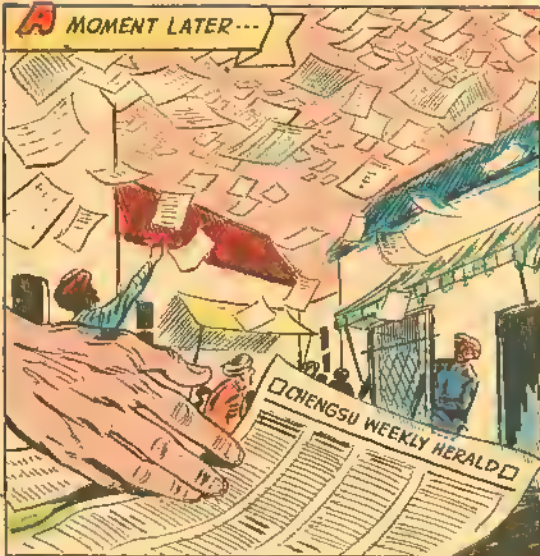
WAIT A MINUTE, HONEY...YOU MEAN **ALL** THE RUG MAKERS IN KANDAHAR ARE CROWDED TOGETHER IN THAT ONE SECTION?

THAT'S RIGHT! IT'S AN ANCIENT AFGHAN CUSTOM!



SWEETHEART, THAT GIVES ME A LEAD ON NAILING KONSTANTIN WITH AN OLD AMERICAN CUSTOM...**SOMETHING FOR FREE!**

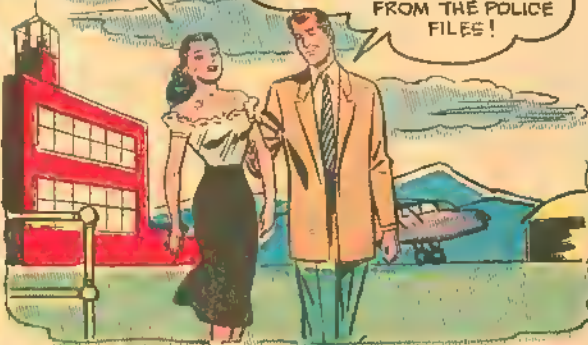
A MOMENT LATER...



SOON AFTERWARD...

CHUCK--WILL YOU PLEASE TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?

THE LOWDOWN WILL HAVE TO WAIT! WHILE I'M GETTING A HOTEL ROOM, I WANT YOU TO ROUND UP A BUNCH OF KIDS --AND HAVE THEM SPREAD A MESSAGE THROUGH THE RUG MAKERS' QUARTER! AFTER YOU'VE DONE **THAT**...GET A PLAN OF THE DISTRICT FROM THE POLICE FILES!



SOON--EXCITED VOICES SOUND ABOVE THE CLATTER OF THE RUG LOOMS!

FLEA, SPEAK PLAINLY! YOU SAY THIS NEWSPAPER IS WORTH **MONEY**?

YES---YES! THEY WERE LOST BY AN AMERICAN-- AND THE FIRST MAN TO RETURN A COPY WILL GET A HUNDRED PIASTER REWARD!



IN THE SPACE OF MINUTES...

LADY--LADY! MAY ALLAH BE MY WITNESS--I WAS HERE TWENTY STRIDES AHEAD OF THE OTHERS!

WAIT YOUR TURN! **YOU**---WIPE YOUR FEET AND COME IN!



MY NAME IS AKBAR HUSSEIN --AND I WEAVE IN THE SECOND HOUSE IN THE ALLEY OF THE TIRED DONKEY! IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN AN EXQUISITE RUG--

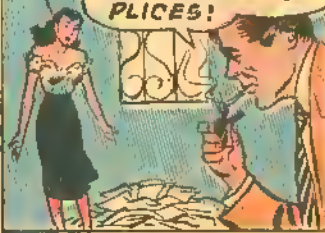
ALLEY OF THE TIRED DONKEY-- O.K., SAFIRA --PAY HIM AND SEND IN THE NEXT ONE!



AFTER THE LAST NATIVE LEAVES--

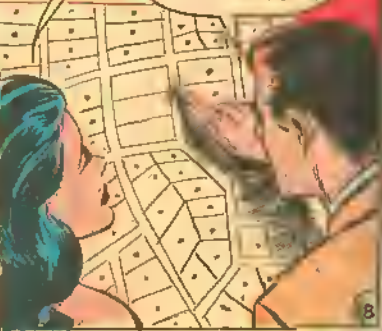
I WISH I KNEW WHAT YOU'RE UP TO, CHUCK! YOU'VE PAID OUT A HUNDRED PIASTERS TO EVERY RUG MAKER IN KANDAHAR!

NOT QUITE, SWEETHEART! AMONG THE FEW WHO **DIDN'T** SHOW UP ARE THE RUG MAKERS WHO KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT THE ORIGIN OF THOSE NEWSPAPERS TO STAY AWAY--**KON- STANTIN'S ACCOM- PLICES!**



AND YOU'VE MARKED THE HOMES OF THE MEN WHO CAME HERE ON THIS STREET MAP?

RIGHT! YOU'LL NOTICE THERE ARE JUST THREE HOUSES THAT **AREN'T** MARKED--AND YOU CAN BET EVERY RUG IN AFGHANISTAN THAT WE'LL FIND KONSTANTIN IN ONE OF THEM!



SOON AFTERWARD...IN A DINGY COURTYARD...SAFE? DON'T YOU REALIZE

THE AMERICAN HAD A REASON FOR SCATTERING HIS CURSED NEWSPAPERS, KONSTANTIN! THE ONLY SAFE COURSE WILL BE TO GO TO HIS HOTEL AND AMBUSH HIM!

THAT'S HIS PLAN... THAT HE AND SAFIRA ARE HOPING TO AMBUSH US? AT MIDNIGHT THERE WILL BE ONLY ONE WATCHMAN AT THE HERAT GATE...AND IT WILL BE EASY ENOUGH

TO SHOOT OUR WAY THROUGH AND DRIVE TO THE AIRFIELD AT KABUL!

UNEXPECTEDLY...

BANG! BANG! BANG!

WE'VE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE, CHUCK!

YEP...AND IT'S CRAWLING WITH WRONG GUYS!

CRACK!

BANG!

THINGS ARE STARTING TO LOOM UP BAD... HEY, RAT?

'BANG!'

POW!

CRASH!

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER ALL THESE SQUARES ARE RUG MAKERS, SAFIRA...BUT THEY SURE ARE WEAVING!

CHUCK, I WANT TO SEND YOU A RUG TO MAKE SURE YOU'LL REMEMBER ME WHEN YOU GET BACK TO THE STATES...AND YOU CAN PICK ANY DESIGN YOU WANT EXCEPT THE WALLS OF KANDAHAR!

HONEY, HOW ABOUT GETTING A PICTURE OF YOU INTO THE WEAVE...WITH A BORDER OF BIG RED HEARTS?

BLAM!

The End! 9

Berlin PLOT

RAT-ATAT-TAT!

The crackling of the machine-gun broke the early dawn silence along the border between the Eastern and Western zones of Berlin. An American Lieutenant leaped out of the M. P. guardhouse on the west side of the barricade and watched as a wiry German in civilian clothes fled before the bullets of the pursuing East German police. Moments later, the pursued man had leaped over the barricade and was being held fast in the grip of brawny U. S. military policemen, while the East Germans loudly demanded the return of their ex-prisoner.

Patiently, the U. S. Lieutenant explained to the East Germans that the man had illegally entered the Western Zone and would be detained until a thorough investigation of the circumstances had been made. When the East Germans violently protested that the man was *their* prisoner and should be returned to them, the Lieutenant wearily turned his back on them and ordered his men to take the wiry German into the guardhouse for questioning.

Half an hour later, the M. P. Lieutenant was talking excitedly over the phone to U. S. Counter-Intelligence Headquarters in Berlin. "That's right, Major, the prisoner claims that he was one of the top-ranking Intelligence operatives in East Berlin, and that he knows the names of hundreds of spies in our zone! He says he's bitter because the East German secret police murdered his brother, and he's willing to tell us all he knows--- but you'll need an interpreter when you speak to him, because he doesn't know any English."

"All right. Send him to Counter-Intelligence Headquarters under guard. We'll have an interpreter ready."

At C.-I. Headquarters, Major Charles Gordon listened intently to the interpreter's translation of what the wiry German was saying. Finally, the Major said in amazement, "It---it's *impossible!* Some of those people he says are East German spies are actually our best secret service operatives! Gustav Schmidt...Hans Castorp...Karl Maxelman...they're all *our* agents, so how can they be working for the East Germans? They---"

The Major paused as he detected a triumphant gleam in the wiry German's eyes...and a sudden thought hit him. "I think this guy's a spy," Major Gordon said loudly, reaching into his back pocket. "He was sent here to give us false information---and I'm going to *kill* him for that!"

Before the Major could withdraw his hand from his back pocket, the wiry German erupted into action. Diving for one of the M. P.'s, he seized his pistol and was about to use it when Major Gordon's fist exploded in his face.

The German looked up sullenly from the floor while rubbing his jaw, and then he snarled at the Major, "All right, so you found me out. But *how?*"

Major Gordon grinned. "When I saw that gleam of triumph in your eyes, I suddenly realized that you might have been sent over with that list of names of suspected West German spies, hoping to hear something that would confirm the fact that they were agents for the democratic powers---so that you and your East German triggermen could put them on the list for assassination! And I foolishly gave that information away--- but you gave *yourself* away when you showed that you understood English. We'd have no evidence against you and would have to let you go free---if you hadn't tried to bolt!"

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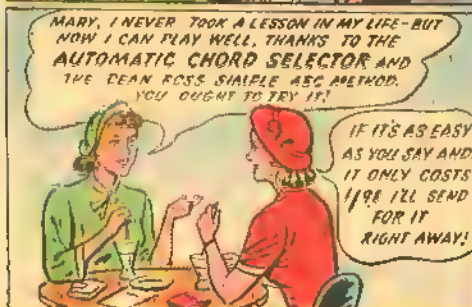
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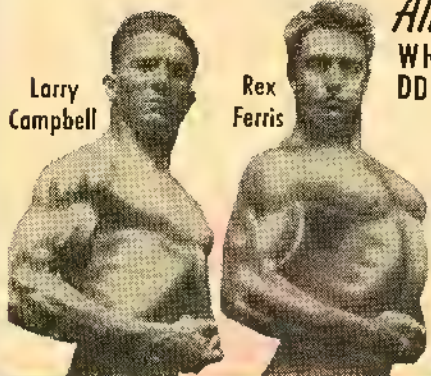
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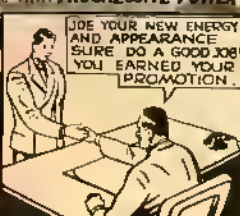
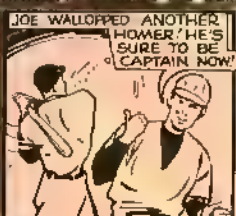
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